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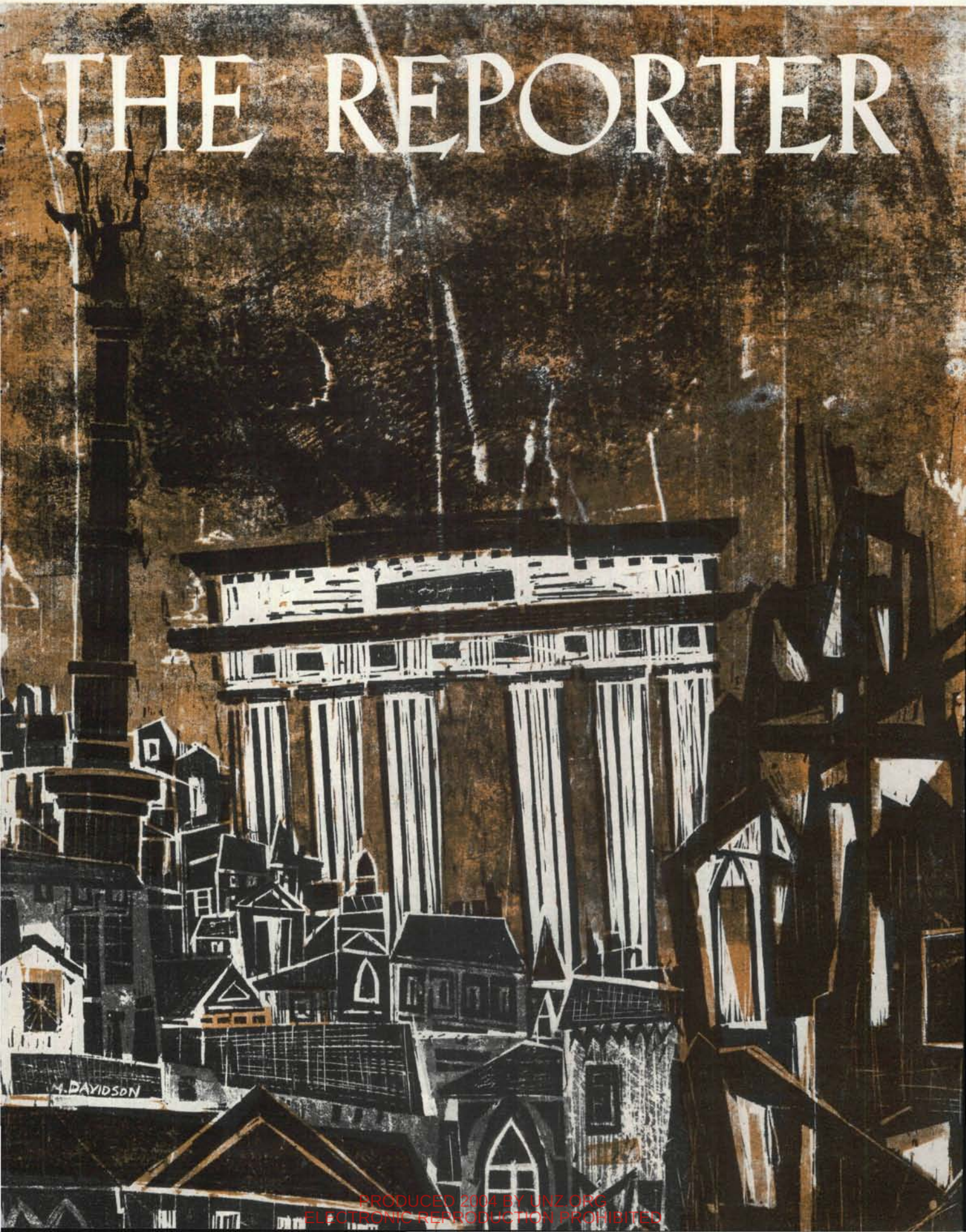
THE REPORTER



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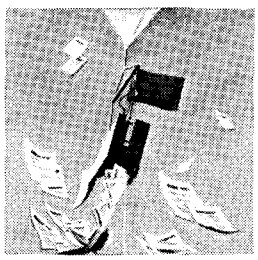

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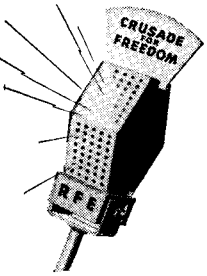

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Well Done, Mr. Roberts!

Amid the uproar provoked by James Shepley's article on Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in *Life's* January 16 issue, one Washington reporter had cause for wry satisfaction. He was Chalmers M. Roberts, diplomatic correspondent for the Washington *Post and Times Herald.* For Roberts this account by the chief of the *Time-Life* Washington Bureau —and by Mr. Dulles—substantially confirmed his own remarkable report of a year and a half earlier that twice during April, 1954, the United States had come close to intervention in the war in Indo-China.

During the month before the fall of Dienbienphu on May 7, 1954, Washington had been filled with uneasy rumors. This was in marked contrast to the preceding months, when the official word to reporters, *not* for attribution, had been to expect a drastic change for the better in Indo-China. Whatever the miracle was supposed to be—some believe it was the strategy of luring a massed attack on Dienbienphu—the results were dismal. As the tragic surrender of the fortress drew closer, Secretary Dulles managed pretty well to conceal the nature of his maneuverings. To reporters who saw him on his flying visits to London and Paris and then back to Paris before going to the Geneva Conference on April 26, 1954, he talked of being engaged in an effort to promote "united action" in that area. Except for an outburst by Vice-President Nixon at the American Society of Newspaper Editors' convention on April 16, nobody in authority mentioned any plans for intervention.

On June 7, exactly a month after the fall of Dienbienphu, Roberts's story was published. It contained a day-by-day chronology of the behind-the-scenes events as the Indo-China crisis developed. Its high points included the account of an April 3 meeting with key Congressional leaders at which Dulles and Admiral Arthur B. Radford proposed a carrier- and Philippines-based air strike to relieve Dienbienphu. The Congressional leaders, who were not enthusiastic, suggested that Dulles try to round up some allies first. But the British balked at attending a conference to discuss united action in Indo-China before the results of Geneva could be determined. Finally, on April 24, 1954, in Paris, Dulles and Radford once again discussed with the British and French a plan for an air strike to save the besieged fortress. If they agreed, the President would go to Congress April 26 for approval and the strike would be carried out two days later. Again the British demurred, and Dulles finally rejected the French pleas for assistance.

REPORTERS failed to make the slightest effort to confirm or refute Roberts's story. The day after it appeared, Dulles held his regular weekly press conferences, but no one brought up the subject. The Secretary, who had been enormously displeased by Roberts's revelations and had promptly ordered an investigation to discover Roberts's sources, was said to be ready to repudiate the story. But since the other journalists didn't seem to care, he evidently decided to try to discredit it indirectly.

A curious altercation took place on the floor of the Senate on July 9, 1954, over whether the Geneva Conference had been a failure of American diplomacy. Senator Homer Ferguson (R., Michigan) argued that it had not. He quoted from Secretary Dulles's speech in Seattle the previous month: "We do not accept the view that whenever there is trouble anywhere it is the fault of the United States and we must quickly fix it . . . The possibilities of solution lie primarily with the peoples directly concerned."

At this, Senator Mike Mansfield (D., Montana) inquired whether the

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Awake, for turning in a bowl of light
The Eldorado scintillates in flight,
    And lo, the Club de Mer in amethyst
And nimbus gray revolves for your delight.

See how the Firebird, brush-finished in
Titanium, salutes the dorsal fin
    Of Golden Rocket, and how (anodized)
The Impala rouses lust, the accepted sin.

Starfire, Maharani, and now this,
The Gala, bridal car of palest bliss
    In pearl and silver, where a father's gold
Can seal a daughter's nuptial highway kiss.

So, sped in satin, rose mist, Morrokide,
Voluptuously will our people ride
    In giddy dreams of power and release,
Caparisoned in speed for suicide.

—SEC

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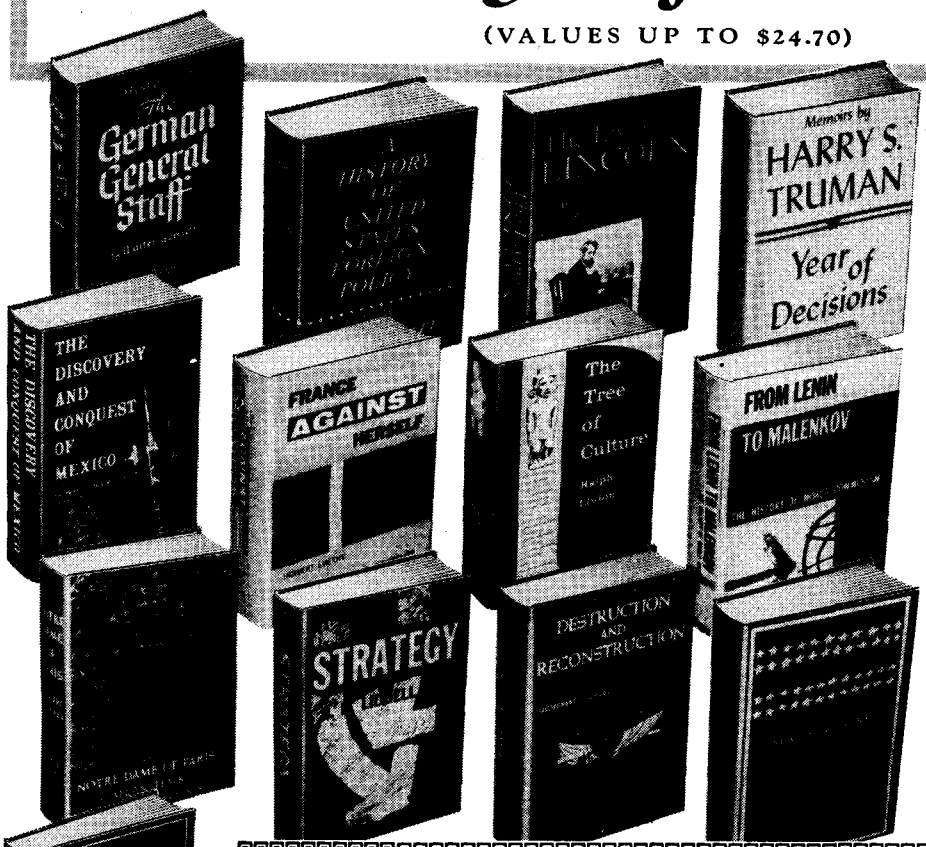

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United States hadn't proposed direct intervention in Indo-China. Ferguson said we hadn't. Mansfield, who said he learned more from the newspapers than from executive sessions of the Foreign Relations Committee, cited the Roberts story as his source. At this, both Senators Ferguson and Alexander Smith (R., New Jersey) rose and solemnly denied any knowledge of a meeting of Congressional leaders at which Dulles had broached intervention plans: "My reason for doubting the accuracy of Mr. Roberts in this respect is that I have never heard where he got his information," Ferguson said. Significantly, none of the Congressional leaders named by Roberts as having been present at the meeting joined in this denial.

The attempt to discredit Roberts's revelations took a strange turn. In its issue of August 6, 1954, *U.S. News & World Report*, edited by David Lawrence, carried an article entitled "How Near U.S. Came to War." In a series of questions and "authoritative answers," it reported that the United States hadn't come near to war at all. There were the following exchanges:

"Did the U.S. Government ever propose that this country should send its armed forces into the shooting war in Indo-China?"

"No. No such proposal was made by the U.S. Government. . . ."

"Hasn't it been printed that the U.S. was on the verge of war, that President Eisenhower was considering an air strike on Indo-China for April 28? . . ."

"Well, it was printed, yes, but not confirmed. On the contrary, everyone who knew what had happened denied the printed report to anyone who asked. . . ."

"What about the report that Britain's refusal to go along was the only thing that kept the U.S. out of a shooting war?"

"That is not supported by the facts either. British refusal to give the French air and naval support for the Dienbienphu action was completely separate from U.S. reaction to the idea. . . ."

"So the official records show that the U.S. never was on the verge of a shooting war with Communist China over Indo-China?"

"Yes. That is the record."

It might have been supposed that editor Lawrence would be dismayed when the *Life* article so flatly repudiated this "authoritative" account in his own magazine. Instead, in his syndicated column of January 15, 1956, Mr. Lawrence declared that "The facts contained in the 'Life' article are correct. . . . This correspondent can say of his own knowledge, based on talks with high officials of France and the United States . . . that the article does not 'rewrite history'. . . ." *Life*, noting this "calm, experienced appraisal by one of America's foremost journalists," reproduced the column in large advertisements in newspapers all over the country.

Roberts's confidence in the main elements of his story was never shaken. As frequently happens, its publication had helped to bring in further pieces of information. He told the more detailed story in "The Day We Didn't Go to War" (*The Reporter*, September 14, 1954).

THIMK

H. L. Mencken once said in an interview that even the label on a can of tomatoes is somebody's brainchild—a tender thought, and one that we have treasured. But now we learn that the words on the drug bottle may not be anybody's brainchild at all, but just the work of a machine.

This thing, called IBM 702, was built for a pharmaceutical company to write useful names for all the new drugs they are creating. They feed it instructions to write easy-to-pronounce, "medical-sounding" words, and—clank, clank—with no attacks of pencil sharpening or writer's cramp at all, old IBM 702 comes up with BYULAMYCIN, CLIOHACYN, and STARYCIDE. The monster has even written a book—a dictionary of such words, running from ABECHAMYCIN to YWUVITE. It's enough to drive a jittery, old-style, human writer to drink PLATUPHYL.

But there's one small consolation: As the story in the *Wall Street Journal* put it, delicately, "The 'brain' can't distinguish between acceptable words and those not ordinarily used in refined conversation." This electronic newcomer may be able to write clearer and faster than we do, but frankly, it hasn't got taste.

Trouble in Brooklyn

The Sunday morning that found William Howard Melish and another Protestant Episcopal priest, the latter appointed by his bishop to replace the former, conducting simultaneous services in the Holy Trinity Church in Brooklyn was given big play in the New York press: The treatment of religion may sometimes tend more toward the bizarre than the significant.

Photographers seem to have been snapping away right in the middle of the service, and reporters have eagerly followed all the legal developments in this attempt by the bishop and a majority of the vestry to oust a minister. There was a political side to it, for Mr. Melish has long been what is called a "controversial figure," as a result of his activities on various organizations friendly to Communism and the Soviet Union. There was also a more esoteric set of issues, involving "high" and "low" churchmanship in

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Have led us to this splitting of a hair?
Can there be more to handling a nation
Than knowing how to run a corporation?
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Who'd set a limit—and be understood?

—SEC

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the Episcopal Church and the relation of the powers of bishops to the rights of a local congregation and its vestry. In both of these latter issues, Mr. Melish was on the side—low and congregational—toward which the major currents of American religion have run. Perhaps, even against all these anti-authoritarian biases, the American reader could find in himself a touch of understanding for those who, like an aged priest shown picketing Holy Trinity, cry out "Obey the bishop!" But the dominant reaction, we feel sure, was one of sly glee. There is something about a fight in a church that gives a deep, secret, and perverse gratification.

Mr. Sourwine's Demotion

Julien G. Sourwine, chief counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, is stepping down. Like his benefactor the late Senator Pat McCarran, he has been a man of immense power. The Internal Security Subcommittee's recent hearings on the New York *Times*, for example, were largely conducted by Sourwine. Chairman James O. Eastland was not even present during a number of the executive hearings; the other Senators, as Senator Thomas C. Hennings complained, did not know who the witnesses were to be or, indeed, what was the purpose of the probe. Sourwine had compiled the dossiers, subpoenaed the witnesses, and asked most of the questions.

That's the way it goes with many of these Congressional probes into the nation's security: To a great extent they are nourished by career staff members like Sourwine, often with very little actual supervision by the Congressmen themselves.

A REMARK Chairman Eastland made about Sourwine indicates the latter's power: ". . . I happen to know that when Title II of the Internal Security Act [of 1950] was adopted by the Senate, you were the only living man who knew exactly what was in it, because you were the one who rewrote it on the floor of the Senate to put due process into it and make it Constitutional." From this eminence, Sourwine will try to move to a much more modest position, that of freshman Senator from Nevada. It may be quite a comedown.

THE VANISHING FAMILY FARM

ERIC SEVAREID

The showdown on farm policy seems to be developing faster than expected. A strong Congressional push for restoring high, rigid supports is under way, Administration conferences are going on in an atmosphere of crisis, and Secretary Benson is reported to be weakening under the intramural pressures of his party's election strategists. Obviously, some sort of financial rescue operation is coming.

Beneath the surface of these policy quarrels over stopgap measures, a profound change is coming over agricultural life in the country. It may be progress, it may just be inevitable, but it does have its tragic aspects, and it is happening with remarkable rapidity. An American way of life as old as our deepest traditions is passing away. The source spring of much of our moral outlook, our conceptions of individualism, our politics, our folklore is drying up. The small family-size farm and farm-family life are vanishing, as fast as the Indian villages vanished a century ago. And America is never going to be quite the same.

Almost everywhere one sees this unstoppable tide of change. Three family farms adjoin the small weekend property this reporter maintains in the foothills of the Virginia Blue Ridge. One, of some three hundred acres, has just been inherited by an ex-G.I. farmer with a large family. He will try to sell, and then rent a much larger farm in order to make ends meet. The next farm, about a hundred acres, is still run by the seventy-five-year-old man who has lived there all his life. He still works dawn to dark, owns nothing approaching a luxury; sons in the city support him.

The third farm, about a hundred and thirty acres, is also operated by an intensely hard-working dirt farmer and his efficient wife; they have no phone, no car, and all expenses are pared to a spartan minimum. His gross cash income last year was four hundred dollars.

Generations of children grew up on these three farms, but the end has come. No small farmers will buy these places when their owners die out, for no profit is possible. They will all end up, eventually, as part of great properties owned by corporations or by city businessmen who can make farming pay on a very large scale or who will run them for tax-deduction purposes.

Now this is not the best farming land in the country, but the same thing is happening in the best soil regions. You get an idea from a year-long study just published by the Farmers Union Grain Terminal Association in Saint Paul. They studied forty-three hundred family-run farms in good farming country—Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Montana.

Here are some of their findings: Net income before taxes in 1954 was twenty-five hundred dollars—that means fifty dollars a week. To net this much required, from the family, about five thousand working hours in the year, more than twice the standard for most city workers. If you figured a five per cent return on investment, then it would come to four hundred and fifty dollars for the whole year, earned by the labor alone. While home construction booms around every great city, very few new farm homes have been built in thirty-five years.

In these five farm states, in a five-year period, thirty-eight thousand farm homes have disappeared. That means one family in thirteen gave up the life they had tried to live. This rate of failure seems to be on the increase.

In that region, as in back-country Virginia, the story is the same: The independent farmer and his family are leaving the land; the *home* is vanishing and the business office is taking over.

(For another view of the farm problem see Dale Kramer's article on page 34.)

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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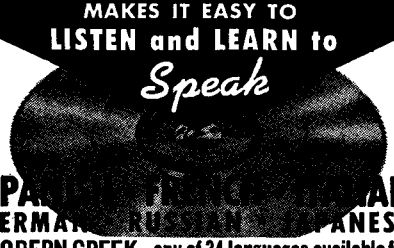

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS ISSUE, **Robert Bendiner's** panoramic view of the campaign reflects the extremely paradoxical situation in which politics must remain until the President formally states whether he will be a candidate. The paradox lies in the fact that the Democratic hopefuls seem to be running a race all by themselves. Exciting as their race may be, we should remember that what divides them is not even vaguely comparable to the profound split among the various factions of the Republican Party. Traditionally, Presidential contests before the conventions are a two-ring circus. We shall be in condition to report much more fully when the Republican contest for the nomination, if such a contest develops, actually is on. In preparing this article, Mr. Bendiner did much traveling and interviewed many political figures in the Democratic camp.

Not even the most bitter critics of the Truman Administration can deny that one of its bravest acts was the decision to hold Berlin via the airlift. This city, the capital of a Reich that twice launched aggressive wars, has become both a symbol and an outpost of freedom. The Communists now are attacking Berlin with the shrewdness that is characteristic of the post-Stalin era—not brutally in a way that could be answered with an armored train, but indirectly by strangling the city's trade.

William H. Draper, Jr. (Major General U.S.A., Ret.), shows how we can help answer the new Russian challenge if we are given a measure of leadership and example by our government. In 1947 General Draper was military government adviser to the Secretary of State at the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers. From 1947 to 1949 he was Under Secretary of the Army, and in 1952 and 1953 the United States Special Representative to Europe with the rank of ambassador. He is now chairman of the Mexican Light and Power Company.

France has long been wrestling with the threefold problem of Tunisia, Morocco, and Algeria. **Basil Davidson,** whose most recent book is *African Awakening,* shows why Algeria has turned out to be the hardest nut to crack.

In Greece, the Communists are returning to their old "Popular Front" technique, and are trying to establish friendly coexistence—at least at the parliamentary level—with genuine democratic parties. That this should happen in Greece is particularly galling since that is the country where the U.S. Embassy and the State Department have been exerting a most steady and open influence on its domestic affairs. Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** has recently observed conditions in Greece at first hand.

THE NUMBER of G.I. prisoners of war whose morale was broken by Communist threats and blandishments is certainly not very large compared with the vastly greater number of Communist POWs who defected to the western camp. Yet what happened was bad enough to worry our leaders in the Pentagon. With typical military vigor they have attacked the problem of streamlining and codifying the ideas our nation lives by. Contributing Editor **William Harlan Hale** describes the rather extraordinary effort.

Rather than inflict on our readers and on ourselves another attempt to explain what parity is and does, we present **Dale Kramer's** on-the-spot description of what a typical Midwestern farmer has been going through during these last few years. Mr. Kramer has written for *Harper's, Nation's Business,* and the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Poyntz Tyler, a free-lance writer, tells how the legitimate theater and philanthropy work out benefit performances.

Franz M. Oppenheimer is a Washington attorney.

Our cover, a view of Berlin, is by **Marianne Davidson.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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I spend so much time working with, thinking about and talking of books, I fear that sometimes I give the impression that books are the *only* source of pleasure for the intelligent person.

This isn't quite true. I know there is at least one other type of entertainment just as pleasant, just as honorable, just as personal: phonograph records.

My friends in the Doubleday Book Shops, who also know the interest records have for the book reader, have started a line of sophisticated records guaranteed to divert the discriminating reader.

This line is known as Dolphin Records, and five albums, each featuring a "Personality," have just been released. The artists include Cyril Ritchard (who played Captain Hook to Mary Martin's Peter Pan); Greta Keller, the famed Continental singer; and three of Broadway's brightest younger stars, Nancy Walker, Portia Nelson and Elaine Stritch, each of whom has recorded her own top song successes.

I don't have room to list all their songs, but I can tell you one in each album I enjoyed: Cyril Ritchard's rendition of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox poem; Nancy Walker's parody on weekend sailors, "Down to the Sea"; Elaine Stritch's "The Object of My Affections"; Portia Nelson's "Down in the Depths on the 90th Floor"; and Greta Keller's "Twelve O'Clock and All Is Well."

These titles will give you the general flavor of Dolphin Records. If you'd like to hear more, see your book and record dealer, or your favorite record shop. These records will sooth your ears while they rest your eyes.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Cyril Ritchard's "Odd Songs and A Poem" ($4.00) is 10 inches; the following albums, priced at $4.98, are all 12-inch: Nancy Walker's "I Can Cook Too"; "Autumn Leaves," Love Songs by Portia Nelson; "Stritch," featuring Elaine Stritch and Greta Keller's "Twelve O'Clock." Dolphin Records may be obtained from your own record dealer or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. To order records by mail, send check or money order to Doubleday Book Shops, 575 Madison Ave., Mail Order Dept., New York 22. Add 50¢ East of the Mississippi and 75¢ West for postage and handling.

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CORRESPONDENCE

'THE REASON FOR MY VETO'

To the Editor: Mr. William R. Frye's article on the admission of new U.N. members, which appeared in your issue of January 26, contained this paragraph:

"Why did Chiang insist on vetoing the package deal? No one but the Gissimo really knows. Tsiang, his delegate, urged him, in repeated cables from the U.N., not to do it. That is a fact known only to a few, but it is true."

In the first part of November I exchanged several cablegrams with Mr. George Yeh, my Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the package deal. I informed him that all the members of the Chinese Delegation to the Tenth Session of the General Assembly, including myself, recommended vetoing the package deal. There was, in fact, no difference of opinion between the Delegation in New York and the Government in Taipei.

During my eight years of service as the representative of my country to the United Nations, I have never had to carry out a policy distasteful to myself.

My veto on Outer Mongolia was supported not only by the Government and people in Taiwan, but by the overwhelming majority of Chinese residing in such places as New York, San Francisco, Vancouver, Singapore, Hongkong, Manila, and Bangkok. Somewhat to my own surprise, I found myself a hero among my fellow countrymen. The fact that Mr. Frye found it difficult to find the reason for my veto shows that he is not in touch with Chinese public opinion at all.

TINGFU F. TSIANG
Permanent Representative of China
to the United Nations

EVER-QUESTIONING FAITH

To the Editor: Your comments on the Christianity issue of *Life* Magazine (*The Reporter's* Notes, January 12) were a breath of fresh air. I particularly applauded your comment that you missed the note of an "ever-questioning faith." A lot of us who belong to the "lost tribe" of religious liberals miss that note, not only in *Life* but in most religious periodicals as well.

As you are probably aware, the viewpoint known as "neo-orthodoxy," or "neo-Protestantism," pretty much dominates the Protestant theological scene today, along with the church-conscious thinking fostered by the ecumenical movement. The voice of the "ever-questioning" liberal is no longer heard in our seminaries or in the religious press. The fact that such a distinguished liberal scholar and writer as Von Ogden Vogt, for example, is denied access to leading religious journals indicates how heavy the blanket of censorship is.

Those of us who believe that a rigorous search for truth is a religious obligation, and who are trying to articulate a faith that transcends the provincialism of any one creed or tradition, are in a trying position. We feel isolated and lonely. You would be doing us liberals a great favor, and perhaps also rendering an important public service, if you could publish an article now and then by a religious liberal. Where else can we turn except to "secular" magazines such as yours?

REV. THOMAS S. VERNON
First Congregational Church
Bay City, Michigan

To the Editor: I am the church-news editor of a weekly newspaper. In the church releases that come to my desk, I find many sermon topics that sound like Madison Avenue ad copy, deliberately so, I'm sure. The ministers are all proud of the size of their church plant and of all their new members. There is keen competition for these members, too. I know one minister who said to a colleague, "Look here, some of my people are going to your church—what are you going to do about it?"

As churches grow, they have to let out their seams, and this takes money. One local church leader pointed out to me ruefully that the techniques of fund raising have become a more important subject for church discussion than theology. ("Are they going to dun us for *more?*" one parishioner groaned when a building-fund drive was announced.)

All this fund raising and member raising means that a minister must be a good public-relations man. When a congregation needs a new pastor, it searches not so much for a man of the spirit as for a wholesome, aggressive young salesman whose product is standard Christianity and who has plenty of energy to serve a bustling business enterprise—his church.

KATHARINE H. BRETNALL
Princeton, New Jersey

PATTERN OF THE SOUTH

To the Editor: Thank you for the two articles in the December 15, 1955, issue of *The Reporter* by William Lee Miller ("Trial by Tape Recorder") and David Halberstam ("A County Divided Against Itself"). These articles are the first, to my knowledge, to depict accurately the situation developing in the South, and I am very grateful to you for publishing them.

It is difficult for people outside the South to believe that such things as economic and occupational intimidation and coercion really happen, but it is true. Nor is this a localized phenomenon. While one cannot easily generalize about the South, one is safe in saying that, at this particular time, the only difference between the reprisals used in Mississippi and North Carolina is a quantitative one. There is increasing talk and planning in the "enlightened" Old North State to take a page out of the Yazoo City book. Even Governor Luther H. Hodges recently gave his blessings, with some reservations, to North Carolina's counterpart of the Citizens Councils—the N. C. Patriots, Inc. Increasingly one hears about the need for a revival of the Ku Klux Klan, and one shudders to hear this from the most prominent business and civic leaders of the state.

The reaction which has now set in is growing deeper and deeper into the fabric of our Southern society. It is taking hard-bitten and ruthless actions. As your articles indicate, it strikes against a white man and a Negro alike whenever a voice is raised against segregation. Not one small voice will be tolerated in many places, even where the odds are one thousand to one against that voice. The misunderstanding, the suspicion, the hatred, the totalitarian techniques are all part of the general pattern now manifesting itself in the South.

To many of us who live here in the middle of the fight, we see no simple solution and no early resolution. We go on living day by day, planning as we can, speaking and acting as we have the opportunity, and we are thankful to those who, like *The Reporter*, inform the nation of the true nature of the struggle in the South. Undoubtedly you have already done much to clarify the issues, and we trust that you will continue your excellent reports on the situation.

REV. BEVERLY A. ASBURY
Zebulon Baptist Church
North Carolina

THE PEACEFUL ATOM

To the Editor: In this age anything written about the split atom which has the semblance of objectivity makes interesting reading. When the author enjoys a good reputation as a craftsman and the publication which prints his article is respected, it becomes required reading.

Such is the article of John Lear entitled "Ike and the Peaceful Atom" in the January 12 issue of *The Reporter*. It is a moving story of President Eisenhower's dedication to the cause shared by all the peace-loving peoples of the world. The story could not have been told in a more dramatic way.

The outcome of the "atoms for peace" project is perhaps more important to us than to the atomic powers themselves. By "us" I mean those countries which are so small they must rely on continued peace for survival. This explains the unusual interest the small nations have taken in idea of harnessing atomic energy for peaceful uses.

For my country and people, the project has gained more importance since the announcement of the United States plan to supply the Philippines with an atomic reactor for basic scientific work. This project has been enlarged. What is now envisioned is the establishment of a major scientific center devoted principally to a variety of studies in atomic energy and nuclear fission.

In presenting to the world for the first time the background of the "atoms for peace" idea, as conceived by the President of the United States, *The Reporter* has given the project a boost. The article has succeeded in presenting to the world a picture of a man earnestly clearing the path which his fellow men should take to avoid destruction.

FELIXBERTO M. SERRANO
Permanent Representative
Philippine Mission
to the United Nations

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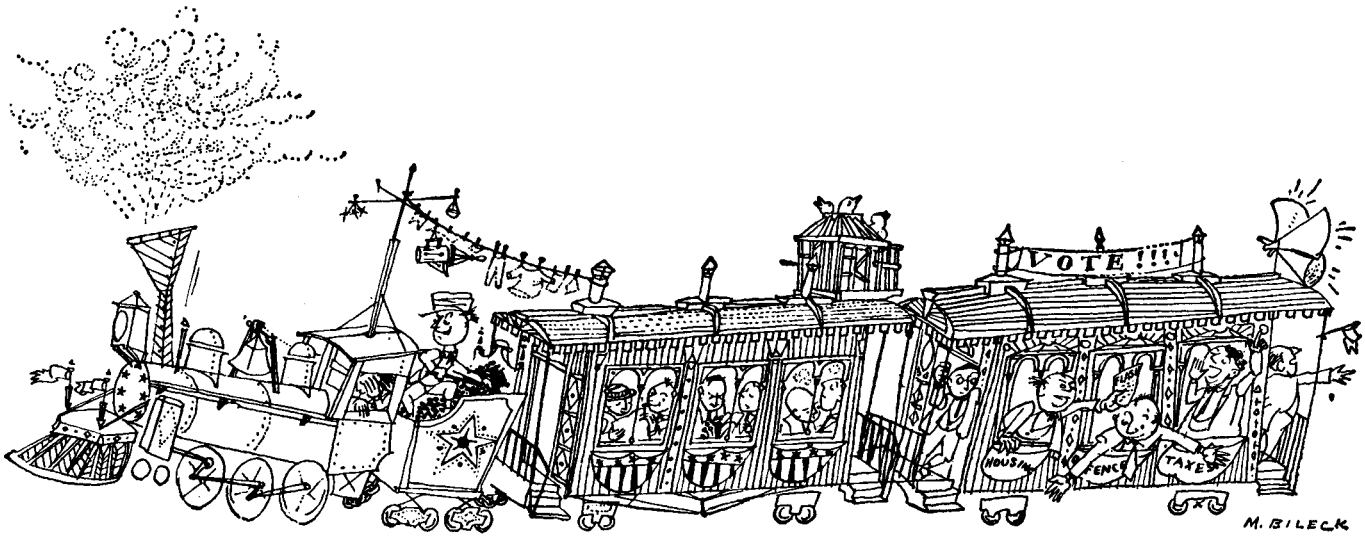

How Presidents Are Made

ROBERT BENDINER

ANY POLITICAL LITERATE in the land can tell you that the next President of the United States will be chosen from a list of fifteen names. The Republicans will probably select from a roster consisting of Eisenhower, Nixon, Warren, Dewey, and Knowland, while the Democrats will just as likely settle on Stevenson, Kefauver, Harriman, or Lausche. Add as dark horses such entries as Stassen, Lodge, Humphrey, and Herter for the G.O.P. and for the Democrats Symington and Williams—very dark horses indeed—and you have pretty thoroughly covered the field.

Offhand this may seem like a wide choice, and compared with national elections in most other countries, it is. If Britain should go to the polls tomorrow, the next Prime Minister would be one of the two major-party leaders, Eden and Gaitskell. But since our parties have neither fixed leadership in this sense nor discipline in any sense, every election brings on an intramural free-for-all, in which circumstances may quicken even the hopes of a fourth-rate governor ranking far down on his party's roster of talent. The wonder, then, is not that we have so many Presidential possibilities but that we have so few. And the reason is that while many are available, few are processed.

FROM THE MOMENT a man gets the idea that he has a serious chance to become President—or his supporters get the idea for him—an extensive campaign gets under way to impress his image on the public mind as a star of the first magnitude.

The build-up may be quick and intensive, as with Landon in 1936, Willkie in 1940, and Stevenson four years ago, or it may be plodding and persistent, as with the late Senator Taft. But without it only a rare national hero, like Grant or Eisenhower, can expect to enter the small circle of Presidential hopefuls.

Given the convention system and the loose structure of our parties, the build-up process itself is not to be condemned since it is hard to see how it could be dispensed with. Occasionally a man has to be pushed into seeking the office, but once given a push, he himself has to do the seeking, for the attainment of the Presidency is a backbreaking job of organizing and persuading, of gathering delegates and marketing personalities.

The techniques of maneuvering for convention delegates go back more than a century. Long before the admen settled Madison Avenue, nominees were running on catch phrases like "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" and "He Kept Us Out of War." But the techniques of organizing, persuading, and selling have become steadily more complicated with the growth of the country, the extension of suffrage, and the increasing complexity of communications. They have also become much swifter, sometimes more devious, and far more expensive. By November this year's Presidential hopefuls will have exploited, in varying degrees and combinations, the following techniques and natural advantages:

The Springboard

Since the turn of the century, the major parties have given eight Presi-

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dential nominations to men who were governors at the time their parties picked them to run for the Presidency—Wilson, Cox, Smith, F.D. Roosevelt, Landon, Dewey (twice), and Stevenson. Taft and Hoover were recruited from the Cabinet. Hughes and Alton B. Parker were called from the bench, Harding from the Senate, and Eisenhower from the Army. On only four occasions since 1900 have major-party nominations gone to men without some kind of public portfolio—twice to Bryan, an ex-Congressman with an evangelist's following, and to a pair of prominent New York lawyers, Davis and Willkie.

Clearly, then, if you have Presidential ambitions, the first major objective in your build-up should be to get yourself elected governor, and the reasons are not hard to appreciate. Through patronage, the magic ingredient of politics, county chairmen and other likely delegates to a party convention are closely tied to their governor. As a rule, he has only to let it be known that he has a hankering for the nomination to be sure of the majority of his state's delegation. If it is one of the big states with a large block of convention votes, and especially one that cannot be safely counted in either party's pocket on Election Day, he starts out with a major advantage, one capable of drawing other state delegations to his standard in the hope of cashing in on a good thing.

That the choice of the Democrats should have fallen on the comparatively unknown head of Adlai Stevenson in 1952 was much less a miracle than those who dwell on the mystique of democracy fondly imagined. Leading the search party for a successor, Harry Truman was hardly one to forget what happened in Illinois in 1948. While he had carried that crucial state, with the fourth largest block of electoral votes in the country, by a meager 33,600, Stevenson had been swept into the governorship by a margin of 572,000, the largest majority in Illinois history. To the initiate, Mr. Stevenson then and there became a potential nominee for the Presidency.

In the same way, when Averell Harriman became Governor of New York in 1954, his hopes for the Presidency soared overnight, even though he had spent twenty years in top diplomatic and administrative posts without ever being seriously regarded as the stuff of Presidents, and even though he had won the state election by a split hair. Whatever their merits, Lausche, Herter, Williams, and Knight enjoy dark-horse roles that would hardly be theirs if they presided over the affairs of South Dakota or Mississippi instead of the large and unpredictable states they happen to govern.

By way of contrast, Congress seems almost as poor a springboard as the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Swarms of Senators hopefully descend on every Presidential convention, but—Kefauver and Know-

land please note—except for Garfield and Harding, no Member of Congress has ever gone directly from the Capitol to the White House.

To be sure, the Congressional activities of Barkley, Truman, and Nixon built them up for the Vice-Presidency, and party leadership in the Senate has made serious Presidential contenders of men like Vandenberg, Taft, Kefauver, and Knowland. But by and large, it appears that Congressmen have to take sides too often on too many issues and with too many people looking on—and that is not the highroad to universal favor.

Picking the Likeness

Given the proper springboard, the would-be President must next decide, or have decided for him, the kind of image that is to be projected on the national screen. This is not quite as cold-blooded a process as it sounds. In the last analysis all photographs have to be likenesses in some degree, but they can vary from the "wanted" profile on a post-office wall to the posed studio portrait. In the same way a certain latitude must be allowed in the evolution of a campaign personality, and the matter involves a degree of deliberation ranging from the almost unconscious highlighting of an attractive quality to the deliberate promotion of a "packaged" character.

The way campaign personalities are changed is a fair measure of their usefulness. In 1944, Thomas E. Dewey was the cocky scrapper who charged that "to perpetuate himself in office" Roosevelt had sold his party to Sidney Hillman and Earl Browder. In 1948, to change his luck, he was the Olympian statesman, above sordid campaigning, almost above the battle altogether. But that didn't work either, and by 1952, barnstorming for Eisenhower, he was down to guiding a television audience through "Harry's Haunted House," a prop structure complete with political skeletons and rotting foundations representing the Korean War.

Similarly striking changes in "personality" are already in the making for this year's campaign. In Albany a man who for years embodied the tradition of the able but frosty patrician in government is being groomed as a simple man of the people, and if he is not officially a candidate, he is so reasonable a facsimile thereof that it is impossible to ignore him in this connection. Often referring to himself as "the Guv," the same Harriman who once held audiences mainly by eliciting sympathy for an agonizingly shy but overwhelmingly sincere speaker now revels in "pouring it on" and giving his audiences what he thinks they want to hear. Returning recently from a speaking date in Iowa, the Guv reported, "What they think about out there is ham and corn, and I was both hammy and corny." Since the "give-'em-hell" technique won for Truman in 1948, while the temperate approach failed to carry the day for Stevenson in 1952, Harriman, the once prudent diplomat,

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now wants it known that "moderation" is not in his vocabulary.

The same sort of process in reverse is now under way in the camp of Vice-President Nixon. Having served his party as chief hatchet man in the past, Nixon is "now making a conscious effort," James Reston reports in the New York *Times,* "to modify his reputation as a fiercely partisan and highly controversial figure . . ."

ADLAI STEVENSON, too, is reported to be undergoing something of a transformation. He is pictured as a more decisive, less witty, and more determined man than he was widely thought to be in 1952. Such changes may, of course, reflect altered circumstances as much as anything else. He was decisive enough about not wanting the nomination in 1952, and he is just as decisive about wanting it this time. And if he sounds more determined in his opposition to Republican leadership now than he did four years ago, perhaps it's only because he *is* more determined. One of his top staff men, expounding on the change, suggested that the Administration's record has evoked in Stevenson a moral indignation he didn't feel in the days when he thought Eisenhower would make a good President.

Beyond increased aggressiveness, it would appear that we can look for no radical change from the image of Stevenson that was projected four years ago, although his techniques will certainly differ somewhat. He is not impressed with complaints that he talks over the heads of his listeners.

KEFAUVER emerged on the national scene in 1950 as a mild, dignified, folksy sort of St. George, with Frank Costello as the dragon and the big-city political bosses representing assistant dragons. In the years since his great television triumph, the St. George vision has grown dim, although he has kept it alive by knightly missions against juvenile delinquency and the maneuverings of Messrs. Dixon and Yates.

Colonel William A. Roberts, a prime mover in the Kefauver campaign, has come up with a new picture of his hero, better adapted perhaps to the demands of the moment.

As the ebullient Colonel tells it: "Kefauver views himself as a man who in a time of national emergency could pull together all the clashing forces in the democracy. He doesn't pretend to be too grounded in detail, relying on others for that, but has a deep and complete confidence in himself as the man best equipped to guide the country through the terrible emergencies that may lie ahead."

Kefauver's advisers kept him from putting on his symbolic coonskin cap in New Hampshire a few weeks ago, but the Senator from Tennessee was careful not to disavow the headgear altogether.

This is entirely in keeping with two of the most hallowed of campaign traditions—that symbols help in the build-up and that special virtue attaches to the simple, the lowly, and the rural. William Henry Harrison went to the White House under the sign of the log cabin and the hard-cider barrel, though he was the son of a governor and lived a rather plush existence on a two-thousand-acre estate. And Alf Landon's sunflower emblem stood for the simple Kansas country boy, though Tiffany's carried a jeweled model for Liberty Leaguers that sold for $815. Averell Harriman can hardly be expected to throw a polo helmet into the ring, but he could take a lesson from that other candidate of substance, Adlai Stevenson, whose backers shrewdly made the most of a candid-camera shot showing him with a hole in his shoe.

When you're building yourself up to the Presidency, everything is grist for the mill—from Grant's cigar to a worn half sole.

The Laying On of Hands

If you can't come to a convention as the incumbent President, obviously your best bet, the next best thing is to have that dignitary's personal blessing. It's generally good for at least three hundred votes at the convention, but long before that event it is invaluable for the build-up. It is not only Nixon's position as Vice-President that gives him an inside track for the nomination but the fact that Eisenhower chose him to answer Stevenson's broadside attack a few years ago, let him traipse around the world as his personal envoy, and had him mastermind the mid-term election campaign.

Should the President decline another term and publicly put the finger on Nixon, there is no more reason to doubt that the Vice-President will be nominated than there was to doubt the outcome of the Republican convention of 1908. That was the year in which President Theodore Roosevelt, who had irrevocably taken himself out of the running, said jestingly, "Take Taft or you'll get me."

Without questioning Stevenson's flat assertion that he had "no understanding whatever with President Truman" four years ago, it is pretty clear that the Stevenson boom originated in Blair House. On January 22, 1952, the two men had a long conversation, ostensibly about coal-mine safety legislation. Word soon leaked out, however, that they talked about Stevenson's availability, and within a month his candidacy was being openly promoted in Washington, New York, and Chicago. Leo Lerner, who was in charge of the Illinois Committee for Adlai E. Stevenson for President, concedes that without Truman's inclination toward Stevenson, the movement would never have gotten up a full head of steam. Mr. Truman himself has not been reticent about taking credit for the nomination.

To many it seemed that Harriman had succeeded to the Truman blessing when the former President a few months ago called him a "genius" and remarked, "If I were a citizen of New York, I know who I'd be for." Obviously such an en-

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dorsement—if that is what it was—by a man three years out of the White House is not to be compared with that of an incumbent, but the Truman influence is still potent, especially in the cities, and the episode gave Harriman the kind of national attention that doesn't hurt pursuers of the dream.

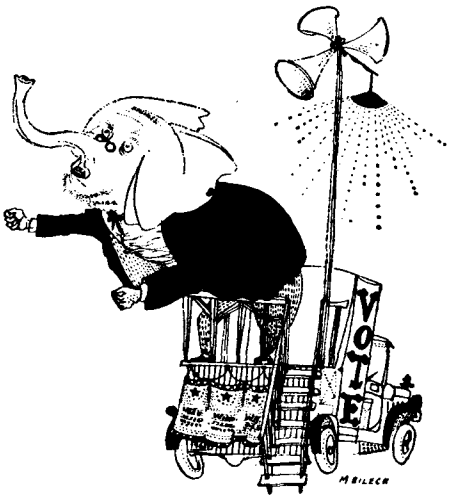
Amateurs and Pros

In the simple days before the independent vote could swing a national election, politics was firmly in the hands of its professionals, and an amateur who wandered into it, as Horace Greeley learned, might just as well have stumbled into a cement mixer. For millions of Americans the parties no longer have a claim to blind allegiance, and if a candidate for the Presidency wants to reach them he has to go outside the organized channels. The result is that every pre-election season sees a flowering of volunteer groups, citizens' committees, and other *ad hoc* organizations designed to appeal to those who are beyond the reach of the precinct leader.

In this process a certain aura of virtue has come to surround the amateur in politics, while organization leaders have come to be regarded somewhat like paid ringers on a college basketball team. The development reached an extreme four years ago, when both the Eisenhower and Stevenson camps were massively infiltrated by amateurs, and an old pro like Colonel Jack Arvey had to hide his light under a bushel for fear of compromising his favorite. There is evidence, as we shall see, that the pendulum has been on the return swing ever since. The resurgence of the professionals this year is partly to be explained by the fact that the principal contenders have already been through the mill and no longer need the special build-up that amateur groups can provide. For the rest, it is now apparent that both types of organization are necessary in modern politics.

Actually, Stevenson's 1952 campaign was never quite so unprofessional as to have deserved its description as "the greatest amateur show since Major Bowes." In its early stages conferences were held regularly with Colonel Arvey, and contrary to popular belief, most of the volunteer leaders had had experience in state or local campaigning.

Nevertheless, there was a marked degree of strain between the amateurs and the regular organization. For too long the movement had been



left largely in the hands of outsiders, and when the convention met, a good many sheepish delegates dropped in at the unofficial Stevenson headquarters to concede, "You've got a band wagon here and I want to get on it." In the end, Stevenson's opponents at the convention charged that he had been put over by the big-city bosses, but the Eisenhower vote in urban strongholds indicated that some of the bosses who rallied to Stevenson at the last moment didn't have their hearts in the business.

Stevenson has moved far in the direction of professionalism since those days. Not long after his defeat he took on the task of raising funds to offset the deficit his campaign had incurred for the party. National, state, and local organizations shared in the returns from the endless $100-a-plate dinners he addressed, and in the process he endeared himself to party workers as he had not succeeded in doing in 1952. As a result, he now has substantial organization support around the country, and a team of experienced tacticians.

THE STEVENSON campaign today is a potent blend of the amateur and the professional. On the pro side the slate is headed by James A. Finnegan, who as the party's city chairman in Philadelphia piled up a plurality of 160,000 for Stevenson in 1952, compared with Truman's 1948 margin of about 7,000. The deputy campaign manager is Hyman Raskin, a skilled fund raiser for the party and a man with an enormous capacity for recalling electoral facts and figures. Enthusiastic members of the board, as it were, include Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, Pittsburgh's Mayor David Lawrence, and Jack Arvey, boss emeritus. For press and public relations, Stevenson has two highly skilled veterans in Roger Tubby and Harry Ashmore.

While counting on this seasoned staff, plus the active support of such party powers as Speaker Sam Rayburn, Senators Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey, and Governors Meyner of New Jersey, Ribicoff of Connecticut, and Leader of Pennsylvania, Stevenson has working for him a parallel group of amateurs, housed in separate quarters but maintaining daily contact with the professionals. Heading this National Stevenson for President Committee are Barry Bingham, the Louisville publisher, who will concentrate on fostering campus organizations, and Mrs. Edison Dick, who is almost a professional volunteer, having served in the same capacity for Stevenson in 1952 and for Willkie back in 1940. Archibald Alexander, a former Under Secretary of the Army and now a Democratic National Committeeman, directs the organizing campaign and acts as liaison with the Finnegan-Raskin headquarters.

Spreading out from this center are the autonomous state Stevenson-for-President committees already functioning in New York, Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, and Arizona, and taking form in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Florida, Missouri, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Each state organization in turn is charged with spawning county and local committees as well as setting up statewide groups for raising funds, getting out publicity, providing speakers, and doing numerous other chores, down to the distribution of Stevenson buttons.

In general these volunteer bodies have staked out common objectives, all highly useful in the Presidential build-up. They propose to make sure that a maximum number of citizens see and hear their man whenever he speaks—en masse at public rallies,

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and in small TV parties in private living rooms. They will work at getting out a big registration, at least in areas where there is believed to be a large hidden Democratic vote. They will raise money—the 1952 Volunteers for Stevenson collected chicken feed amounting to half a million dollars in two months. They will circulate petitions pledging signers to work actively for Stevenson, a commitment designed not only to line up help for their man but to impress intraparty opponents with his strength. Finally, where it is politically feasible and necessary, they will take a hand in pre-convention battles for delegates. This possibility is not being ruled out even in New York, where the county chairmen have gone on record unanimously in favor of Harriman.

In learning to work with these parallel organizations, Stevenson himself has made perceptible changes in his approach, and they are likely to be still more perceptible as the campaign warms up. In 1952, his idea of campaigning was to spend the bulk of his time working up and polishing a series of speeches, which he then delivered, with pride and loving care, in strategic cities. On campaign trains he would often appall his professional coterie by isolating himself in an improvised editorial sanctum while disgruntled county chairmen came on and went off without even a production-line handshake.

He still insists on devoting a great deal of time to his speeches, but with no official responsibilities and a big head start, he has a great deal more time to spend than he had in 1952. The extra margin of time goes into meeting political leaders and performing all those rites which touch the heart of a county leader.

Visiting Florida late in the fall, he displayed what the pros considered excellent form on the courthouse steps. In Miami alone he shook some three thousand hands. "Not like Kefauver," one of his aides told me proudly, " 'I'm Adlai Stevenson' —pump, pump, pump—but listening carefully and responding with real consideration for what was being said." What's more, the aide went on, he enjoyed the experience and came away "like the bride, tired but happy." Stevenson did almost none of this sort of thing four years ago, and was considered a bit upstage by precinct captains.

While the handshaking routine pleases local leaders, provided the correct hands are shaken, it is not necessarily the hallmark of the professional. Actually the prime amateur in the 1952 campaign was not Stevenson at all, but Kefauver, who ran his own show with no visible help from the organization.

Kefauver's chief supporters realize now what surprisingly escaped them last time, that you cannot make an overnight reputation at the expense of party hierarchs, objectionable as some of them may be, and still walk off with the Grand Prize. The Tennessee Senator may never be rated a "regular," but he knows now that besides shaking hands indiscriminately he will have to build himself up with the powers that be.

To this end Kefauver visited with Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson before announcing his candidacy. In place of Gael Sullivan, who urged him into a brass-knuckles war with party leaders four years ago, he is taking campaign guidance not only from the aforementioned Colonel

Roberts but also from men like F. Joseph Donohue, who serves on the Truman Library Committee, and J. Howard McGrath, formerly Attorney General in the Truman Cabinet. Both men have been close to the former President. Mr. Truman would have no part of Kefauver last time but may now be brought around, so the hope runs, to a position of "neutrality."

In keeping with this trend back to the professionals, if not in fact showing the way, Governor Harriman has openly linked his fortunes with those of Carmine De Sapio, leader of a renovated Tammany Hall. It was De Sapio who got him the party nomination for governor and who unofficially entered him in this year's race when he told a television news panel, ". . . I'm confident that the delegates from New York State will prefer Averell Harriman as the designee for the nomination for President."

Never a pro himself, and an ardent New Dealer of years' standing, Harriman, like Stevenson, has naturally attracted a coterie of socially minded aides to the State Capitol—men like Isador Lubin, Philip Kaiser, Charles Van Devander, Milton Stewart, and Jonathan Bingham. But there is no evidence that these lieutenants, or even key advisers like Judge Samuel Rosenman, have much to do with his hopes and plans for becoming President.

On this score the work is being done by De Sapio and his upstate ally, Michael H. Prendergast, the rather shadowy state chairman. Acting as go-betweens for the Governor and these managers of his "inactive" campaign are Stewart, an administrative assistant, and George Backer, an important unofficial adviser. Backer, an ardent Stevenson admirer, nevertheless is believed to see himself as a latter-day Harry Hopkins should Harriman find himself in the White House.

While no one who knows Harriman doubts that he regards this vision with lively hope, not many others are able to get the mirage into very clear focus—obviously an inhibiting circumstance to the sort of promotion that might really make him a front-rank contender. His official word would hardly be necessary for the formation of citizens' groups, but there is no Draft-Harriman Committee on the horizon.

The result is that the Governor's hopes, for the time being at least, rest on De Sapio's manipulation of party power. In this connection, agents of the regular organization have not been above advising po-

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tential members of the New York Stevenson for President Committee that they would join at their political peril. The unanimous endorsement of Harriman by the county chairmen recently made a bit of splash, but in hard fact it indicated merely that politicians do not bite the hand that feeds them—at least not in public.

Whether De Sapio himself really looks upon the Governor as a likely bet for the Presidency is a much-debated point in party clubhouses, but he is making sure that, Harriman or no Harriman, he will arrive in Chicago with a good collection of delegates, prepared to do an honest day's trading with Stevenson or anyone else who knows a good thing when he sees it.

The Primary as a Weapon

When President Truman, back in 1952, scoffed at Presidential primaries as "eyewash," he knew whereof he spoke. In terms of convention strength they mean very little, since only nineteen states have such primaries in any of their varied forms, and in most cases their results are so far from binding that they cannot compare with the simple word of a De Sapio, a Dewey, or any other owner of a delegation.

But the primary has taken on a function that the elder La Follette hardly envisioned for it. It has become a device for keeping a candidate in the public eye, displaying his prowess at doorbell ringing and handshaking, and giving him a platform for sounding off on all the issues of the moment.

Unfortunately, the process, if fully extended, requires the stamina of a bull elephant, six months of time just to contend for the nomination—with the ardors of an election campaign still ahead if you win—and great gobs of cash.

Four years ago Kefauver barnstormed through fifteen state primaries, winning all but three of them. "There were days, last time," he has said, "when I just didn't think I could last out until Chicago." He did, only to leave that city with nothing to show for his pains but a personal deficit that is reported to have run to $36,000.

Nevertheless, he plans to take the same general route this year, but with a marked difference. He will be far more selective in his choice of states, and he will break the news to fewer but more strategic people that he is Estes Kefauver and would like their vote. "It will all be done in an organized way," Colonel Roberts informed me, "rather than haphazardly as before."

Since it is unlikely that Kefauver will clash head-on with Stevenson in more than two of the states he has in mind—California and Florida—most of this effort will be largely an investment in build-up, like Stevenson's scheduled primary races in Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Minnesota. Stevenson is hardly risking much in these three primaries, even if rivals appear on the ballot. Illinois is his own; Pennsylvania is practically sewed up for him by Finnegan, Governor Leader, and the mayors of the two chief cities; and in Minnesota he can count on the full support of the Humphrey organization. If Stevenson should come a cropper in California or Florida, however, Kefauver strategists figure their man to go on to a convention triumph. They recall the dismal fate that befell Willkie following his defeat in the Wisconsin primary of 1944, and the swift decline of Stassen in 1948 after Dewey took his measure in Oregon.

Barring such upsets, however, the primaries will remain what they have been in recent years—an opportunity for Presidential candidates, especially new ones, to impress their personalities on the national mind and test their popularity, all at considerable cost but small political risk. Even capture of the District of Columbia primary four years ago—at an exorbitant cost, his opponents said—made Harriman for the first time a recognized contender. And it was the Minnesota Republican primary, in which more than a hundred thousand voters wrote in approximations of Eisenhower's name, including "Ike," that finally led the General to resign his military post and come home to run for President.

The Word

Before the coming of television a candidate could be built up, slowly and sporadically, by the press of the nation, but he didn't necessarily stay up, even for the duration of the campaign. Sixty-four per cent of the papers worked hard to build up Alf Landon, but by Election Day he was hardly visible except in the Green Mountains of Vermont and along the coast of Maine.

Learned studies show that the press was as one-sided as ever in 1952, but it helped materially to convey the flavor of Adlai Stevenson all the same. There were at least two reasons for this phenomenon. First, Stevenson captured the imagination of reporters and columnists, if not of publishers, probably more than any public figure in generations. More than merely literate, he was eminently quotable, and however the distribution of news space favored his opponent, the novelty of the man got across.

Secondly, Stevenson made news. His persistent refusal to run and his equally persistent refusal to emulate General Sherman created a suspense that ran right down to the convention itself. Even the variations with which he said "No" came to be a kind of game, with columnists reading subtle shades of meaning into each nuance—and all of it good for reams of copy.

More important, the eloquence of his speeches and the reactions of his audiences made news, a rare achievement in American politics. While Stevenson undoubtedly lost some ground by ignoring local party chiefs, the time he lavished on his prose was far from wasted.

Like Roosevelt, he had constant help from speech writers—no one

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can turn out and deliver the eight or ten talks a day required at the peak of a campaign without help—but his technique of absorbing, editing, and rewriting was uniquely his, dating perhaps from his own days as a ghost writer for Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox. Where Roosevelt wrestled with Robert Sherwood, Archibald MacLeish, and Judge Rosenman until he had a finished product, Stevenson would take drafts from his aides—mostly William Wirtz, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., David Bell, Robert Tufts, and John Kenneth Galbraith—go into isolation, do all his own revision, and keep the result strictly to himself until the deadline for release. It was not a practice that recommended itself to artists like Sherwood and MacLeish, and Rosenman is said to have been alienated from the nominee by the fact that so few of his contributions survived the process.

Some of Stevenson's verbal magic has worn off along with the novelty. But by way of compensation, some of his lieutenants suggest, perhaps a little too gleefully, his speeches this time will be less inhibited by the need to make a case for the Truman Administration in all its particulars.

Kefauver, an earnest if not a rousing speaker, plans to rely on six or seven major speeches in the pre-convention period, all of which should be good for front-page stories. And as an "inactive" candidate, Harriman has already appeared on platforms as remote from Albany as Des Moines and Seattle. Both, like Eisenhower, have flat, unadorned styles which some audiences take to more kindly than to the polished grace of a Stevenson or the studied "sincerity" of a Nixon.

The Vision

When television made its first big political splash in 1952, the possibilities seemed boundless. Through its facilities Kefauver had already blossomed into a Presidential candidate. People could tell you about Everett Dirksen's quivering finger who had not previously heard of Everett Dirksen, and Nixon sat in nine million living rooms, personally confiding the story of his family budget and his dog. Experts said the Democrats could not run Chief Justice Vinson because he wasn't "telegenic," and

everyone commented on how Harry Truman chatted all through Stevenson's acceptance speech and absent-mindedly applauded the mention of his own name. Television, proclaimed the Radio Corporation of America, had "brought their government back to the people."

Granting the tremendous capacity of TV for giving a man a quick build-up, as in Stevenson's case, or a quick breakdown, as in McCarthy's, many a politician has had sober second thoughts about the wonder of it all. In the first place, the cost is staggering. More than $6 million went into TV and radio electioneering in 1952, and the best estimates are that the total will top $10 million this year.

Large-scale use of the medium clearly requires a massive financial operation, feasible only for the election campaign itself. Where does this leave a Lausche, a Knight, a Williams, or a Herter in the pre-convention period? None of them has the national stature he would need by next August in order to have a chance at the nomination. They will contrive, of course, to get on a panel show occasionally or to appear in a news round-up, but that is not sufficient. Kefauver's traveling crime investigation was a fluke and, given the growing leeriness about televising legislative committees, is not likely to be repeated.

Even when there is equal access to the medium, television is far from even-handed in the distribution of its blessings. As governor, Stevenson had made monthly television reports to the people of Illinois, presented with wit and relish. A man who wrote his own speeches and enjoyed words, he took easily to the medium and did well with it. Eisenhower, on the other hand, loathed it, distrusted it as a political instrument, and went stiff and self-conscious before a camera. At his news conference in Abilene, his managers tried to bar both television and radio. Professional coaching has relaxed him somewhat, but until the spot programs in the last week of the campaign, the Republicans kept his TV appearances to a minimum, and even the spots were filmed. Clayton Fritchey, deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee, told me that Stevenson was on television twice as much as Eisenhower.

Apart from cost and the need to develop a new aptitude, television places other limitations on the politician that he ignores at his peril. In this field no less than in entertainment, TV is a voracious consumer of material. Where the barnstorming candidate could once afford to make the same speech in front of twenty different courthouses, he had better have something fresh every time he appears on the TV screen. At the same time, it had better be adapted to all localities and all types of listener—no more blowing hot on an issue to a farm audience and cold to an assembly of millhands.

Above all, the TV campaigner runs the risk of wearing out his welcome. In spite of the novelty in 1952, TV politics had a modest Hooper rating. At its peak it scored a 36, while "I Love Lucy" ran up a 62. Preemptions—programs dropped from the schedule to make way for political telecasts—brought resentful letters to the networks from people who preferred to see their wrestling matches in the usual form. "You don't win votes," a party worker told me, "by knocking Jackie Gleason off the air." And D. W. Brogan reports

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that the Republican high command was believed to have been warned to get its 1948 convention over on time so as not to interfere with the broadcast of the Louis-Walcott fight.

The Hucksters

Few Presidential aspirants are as simple and direct as Goodwin J. Knight, who announced a few weeks ago that he had retained the firm of Whitaker & Baxter to manage his campaign for the Republican nomination—provided, of course, that Eisenhower withdraws. Whitaker & Baxter makes a specialty of selling would-be public servants to the public. *Time* credits the firm with having taught Earl Warren the art of public smiling, and among its other achievements in the field, it has already made "Goody" Knight Governor of California.

Even though many candidates are still too fastidious to let commercial promoters hawk them about the country like a new detergent, advertising and public-relations men have by now a firmly entrenched position in politics. Howard Pyle, former Governor of Arizona and now Deputy Assistant to the President, recently told a *Printer's Ink* survey-taker that his party has no problems in this connection. "The Republican Party has long been identified with B.B.D.O. [Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn]. They represent us at campaign time and all the time in between on a retainer."

It was B.B.D.O. that did the Citizens for Eisenhower show on the eve of Election Day, in which the little people reported to Ike on the progress of his crusade. ("Well, all the guys I know out in Korea," said Typical Veteran, "figure there's only one man for the job, General, and that's you. We've been getting tired of politicians, and we'd like to see a real commander-in-chief on the job." ANNOUNCER: "Thanks, soldier, I guess maybe that is all America's answer, too." CROWD: "We want Ike. We want Ike.")

The Democrats have had to get along with makeshift arrangements, pulling in a few of the smaller agencies at campaign time. As Stephen A. Mitchell, former National Committee Chairman, explained in the same *Printer's Ink* survey, ". . . most advertising agencies are unwilling to help the Democratic Party because of conflicts they find or fancy they will find with other clients." But Governor Pyle suggests that his opponents have only themselves to blame. "The Democrats have been careless in throwing words around about advertising agencies," he says. "That doesn't make friends or influence advertising agencies."

Actually, most Democratic Party leaders are willing to concede that the role of the agencies is chiefly technical, a job of layout and of scheduling advertising space and radio-television time. As far as policy goes, one highly placed party official remarked, the agencies' influence has been "highly overrated." Eisenhower's "I shall go to Korea" line didn't come from Madison Avenue, he recalled, but from Emmet Hughes of the Henry Luce establishment.

Nevertheless, it was an advertising man, Rosser Reeves, now board chairman of Ted Bates & Co., who was responsible for the two-million-dollar "Eisenhower Answers America" campaign, which saturated radio and television for two weeks before Election Day. Commercial spots, lasting only twenty seconds and almost inescapable, were used to strike the eye, ear, or both of the average "consumer" four or five times a day. "I think of a man in a voting booth who hesitates between two levers as if he were pausing between competing tubes of toothpaste in a drugstore," Reeves explained later. "The brand that has made the highest penetration on his brain will win his choice."

"General," an earnest housewife would ask, "both parties talk about bringing down food prices. How do we know which party to believe?" And the General would answer, "Well, instead of asking what party will bring prices down, why not ask what party has put prices up. Then vote for a change."

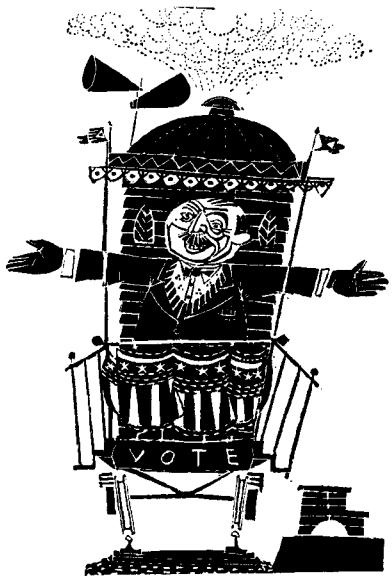
In no need of a build-up himself, Eisenhower was apparently allowing himself to be whittled down in an effort to build the Republican Party up.

Since the results made it evident that it was Eisenhower, and not the party, that won the election, it seems plausible to argue that the huckster technique was not strikingly successful. Like television, moreover, it is not a process that is financially feasible for every hopeful candidate who comes down the pike—and a good thing, too.

In any case, as Clayton Fritchey points out, the advertising approach will probably be used much less in 1956 than it was four years ago, simply because slogans and spot commercials are better for attack than for defense, for the outs rather than the ins. You can condemn an Administration for high prices in twenty seconds, but to explain why *you* didn't get them down, either, takes a bit more doing.

THERE ARE, of course, ingredients in the build-up of a Presidential candidate besides those touched on here, but they are hardly crucial. Campaign biographies, for one, are not as important as they were in a more leisurely day. They rarely attract writers like Hawthorne, who did the chore for Franklin Pierce. But you can still look for a batch of indifferent volumes by or about the current candidates to appear out of the blue in May or June.

All in all, running for President is probably the most ponderous and intricate political maneuver in the world, consuming years of effort, millions of dollars, and generalship of a high order. If the Knowlands and Knights have been a bit restless while waiting for Eisenhower's decision, there is reason enough for their jitters. Once he has become President a man takes on something of the stature of a monument. And monuments are rarely built in a day.



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The New Battle Of Berlin

WILLIAM H. DRAPER, Jr.

IT MAY COME as a shock to most Americans reading the news about Soviet badgering of west Berlin to realize that if ever the Communists attempt to conquer this free city the United States is committed to hold it, by force if need be.

Together with Britain and France, we signed in 1952, and have since reaffirmed, a declaration stating that we would consider "any attack against Berlin from any quarter" as an attack on us. The Truman Administration took this stand, and the Eisenhower Administration has vigorously maintained it.

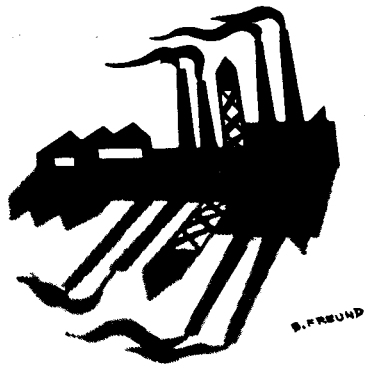
THERE ARE two major reasons, psychological and military, for preserving west Berlin's independence.

It is an all-important base in psychological warfare. As an outpost of free government, free enterprise, free labor unions, and a free press, the beleaguered city has increased its production fourfold since the airlift days of 1948 and has cut its unemployment from 300,000 to 120,000. Raised from rubble under a democratic régime, the relatively high west Berlin standard of living is a compelling advertisement for our way of life. This fact materially increases Soviet difficulties in keeping nearby east European satellites under control.

For example, although the Russians spend at least three million dollars a year on anti-West propaganda in East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, about 425 refugees a day come westward from East Germany—the majority young people seeking a free future.

From a military point of view it is even more vital to hold Berlin. Its loss could cripple our entire Atlantic defense structure because West Germans, longing deeply for reunion with relatives and the return of confiscated homes and businesses in East Germany, look on their former capital, Berlin, as the symbol of wholeness, the seat to which an all-German government must and will some day return.

If we and our Allies permitted Berlin to be swallowed by the Com-



munists, a desperate West Germany —its faith in western promises shattered—would almost surely accept the Russian terms of "neutrality" as the only remaining road to reunification. Soviet influence would then extend across Germany to the very borders of five NATO nations in Europe. At best we would face chaos. At worst, if other European nations weakened, we would be confronted by a second "Fortress Europe"—this one under Russian domination.

Fortunately this danger can be avoided if we recognize Soviet threats to Berlin for what they are—an effort to force West Germany into negotiations with the eastern régime —and if we are prepared to counteract this pressure before it develops into a crisis.

THE PRESSURE started last spring when tolls on trucks carrying Berlin exports and imports to and from the West over the highway through East Germany were boosted to eleven times their former rate. Protests were referred to the East Germans. Then in the fall came the announcement that East Germany was "sovereign." The Soviet Union declared itself no longer in charge of these matters, and therefore not responsible. A few months later, the same answer was forthcoming when applications were made for new permits to transport by barge. Between the truck and barge squeezes, the Soviets added the claim that east Berlin was no longer the Russian sector of the city but the East Germans' own capital.

Both the evasion of responsibility for keeping lines of transport open to the West and the claim that a portion of Berlin belongs to East Germany are completely at odds with agreements made just before the end of the war and reaffirmed a half dozen times thereafter—giving Berlin a four-power occupation status distinct from either East or West Germany and making the Russians responsible for letting goods and supplies move into and out of the occupied areas.

Flying Sparks

The Russians are clearly testing our word. If one pressure meets with no resistance, they turn the screw tighter. I suspect Soviet strategists believe that by being careful not to interfere with our movements and restricting only those of Berliners they can strangle west Berlin without tangling with us.

This could explain why, when the newly sovereign East German police recently arrested two American Congressmen, the Soviet Union took back enough authority to get them released fast, and subsequently made it clear that East German powers did not extend to interference with American, British, or French personnel.

But the fact that police, workers' militia, even adolescent training groups marched under arms in a recent cooked-up east Berlin demonstration (in violation of four-power agreements not to arm civilians) warns us of the trouble that could lie ahead. A forcible stopping of barges or trucks, an inspired riot that gets out of hand, back-and-forth

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retaliation between East and West Germany—these are only a few of the sparks that could set Berlin on fire, despite what I believe to be present Russian hopes to destroy the city's independence by more subtle means if possible.

THE THREE western Allies as a body must fireproof Berlin—first by reminding Soviet Russia that from the standpoint of our military obligation there is no difference between Britons, Frenchmen, Americans, and Berliners, and no difference whether an attack on any of these is instigated by the Soviet Union or by its newly "sovereign" East German puppet régime. In the terms of our agreement, "any attack against Berlin from any quarter" is considered an attack against all.

Second, I suggest that we back up this reminder by actively counteracting Soviet pressure on Berliners precisely at the points where it is being applied.

As of now, the Communists are attempting to reduce west Berlin's relatively prosperous standard of living by threatening interference with the city's exports. Therefore, our challenge is to *increase* their flow. My experiences in the Foreign Service, both as a soldier and an economist, have convinced me that an economic offensive can often prevent the necessity for a more costly military defense. The success of the Marshall Plan is a classic example.

In Berlin's case this does not now mean more foreign aid. "Orders, not alms" is the Berlin businessman's slogan. Though grateful for the $650 million from the United States that has helped rebuild this city, he has reached a point of recovery where, set for bigger and better sales, he feels uncomfortable on the dole. His biggest fear is not Communist harassment but western indifference. As west Berlin's mayor, Dr. Otto Suhr, put it on his latest visit to America, "The only blockade we fear is a holdback of western orders for our goods."

'Buy Berlin Tradelift'

Therefore I propose that a "Buy Berlin Tradelift" be organized throughout the free world, and particularly in the United States. I do not have in mind a return to the days of the airlift. That operation could be repeated tomorrow, if need be, but to do so would be to go backward to expediency instead of forward to prevention.

Today we are no longer dealing with a crippled and totally dependent city but with one that is more than three-quarters self-supporting and eager to become more so. With the help of West Germany and the United States, Berliners themselves have amassed an extensive stockpile of fuel, food, medicine, and other essentials against the possibility of another blockade. But even this is

only enough to maintain a status quo. Any Berlin businessman will tell you that what he is seeking (and what the Communists are trying to stop) is *more* opportunity to earn his own way.

Moreover, part of the value of a "Buy Berlin Tradelift" would be the effort to launch it via the very means of transportation, such as the barges and trucks, whose freedom of movement is being contested by the Communists.

Air transport can be used simultaneously as a supplement. Few know that the Senate of Berlin has itself operated such a supplementary lift for the past five years. When the Communists hold up approval of papers necessary for ground transport for more than three weeks, and when the goods in question have delivery deadlines, the Senate's "little airlift" goes into action. It would no doubt want to be part of a "Buy Berlin Tradelift," along with standby Allied planes.

My hunch is that the Communists would have to go into a long huddle before blocking ground shipments that were part of a well-publicized campaign to buy more from free Berlin. They don't want us taking to the air with trumpets again.

Shopping List

But whether transported by plane, train, barge, or truck, what Berlin wares could the free world usefully buy in greater quantities?

My sample shopping list is confined to consumer items. Berlin's heavy industrial products might not so easily arouse widespread popular interest—though they might be included in a special sales catalogue for businessmen and for Latin America, Africa, and the Middle East, with all of which Berlin has been steadily building business.

Among the consumer items novel enough to appeal to the American market are: luminous porcelain; sharp-edged steel cutlery, some made with china handles to match dinner sets; blown glass and cut crystal in a variety of articles.

Berlin optical goods are as ingenious as they are famous: cameras smaller than a book of matches, microscopes the size of a fountain pen. Among the famous German toys unique to Berlin are functioning miniatures of the real thing—from sewing machines that sew to flying saucers that fly.

THIS LIST is merely a sampling of the Berlin novelty market. But there is one particular product that could become a symbol for the entire Berlin campaign.

Though often associated with Russia, the bear has been Berlin's mascot for almost seven hundred years. The name of the city itself comes from "Baerlein," meaning little bear, and dates back to the exploits of a twelfth-century count known, because of his prowess in war, as Albrecht the Bear. Berlin, in the heart of Albrecht's Duchy of Brandenburg, adopted his coat of arms, and today uses the bear as the centerpiece of its municipal flag.

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The bear has become a symbol of hope for reunification not to Berliners only but to all Germans. West Germany has set up road markers all along its major highways inscribed with the bear and the mileage to Berlin. And Berlin shops offer him in the form of paperweights, metal tags for car keys, toys, pins, and bracelet charms.

Since there is no time to lose, I suggest the bear get busy soon. A "Buy Berlin Tradelift" could well be launched early this spring when the cornerstone will be laid for the new conference hall to be erected with U.S. and West German help on land supplied by the Berlin Senate near the East-West division line.

By broadening trade opportunities through which Berlin can increase its prosperity, we are not only supporting the morale of west Berliners but making it tougher for the Soviets to keep their stranglehold on east Berlin, East Germany, Poland, Hungary, Romania, and Czechoslovakia, where living standards for the average man and his family are grim compared with those in west Berlin.

Moreover, increasing trade with Berlin need not provoke fear of competition among American producers. For even though the aim of a "Buy Berlin Tradelift" should be to double its foreign sales, postwar political geography makes it impossible for Berlin manufacturers to expand their labor force and production facilities to the point where any of its industries could threaten any of our own domestic ones.

I HAVE KNOWN the people of Berlin since 1945. There are few handicaps they cannot surmount. Even when the Russians refused to permit them to dump unusable rubble outside the city's limits, Berliners found a way to disguise the ruined look the Russians hoped to make them keep. They piled the rubble in "junk mountains," and planted them over with green promenades which they use for parks in the summer and ski jumps in the winter.

Berlin's reconstruction has made it a prize pawn in the Russian play for Europe. To keep Berlin thriving is to chalk up the score for our side in a conspicuous position. To do it by nonmilitary means is to outwit the Russians at their own game.

Algeria: 'We'll Win Or We'll Starve . . .'

BASIL DAVIDSON

ALGIERS

IN PARIS the other day one of the French generals who had commanded in northern Vietnam at the time of the debacle of Dienbienphu said to me: "Unless we have a change of régime in France, we shall lose North Africa as well." France indeed is very near to losing North Africa.

"Losing" has many shades of meaning. Nobody in France will mind very much losing political responsibility for Morocco and Tunisia, because France will lose at the same time the obligation to keep law and order there. But Algeria is different. For 108 years it has been considered a part of the French nation. This legal fiction has given rise to a remarkably solid structure of popular belief. Most Frenchmen really feel that the four Algerian Departments of Algiers, Bône, Constantine, and Oran are as much a part of France as Calvados and Basses Alpes.

As the old year drew to its close, reinforcements to Algeria brought French garrisons to nearly two hundred thousand soldiers and armed police; and Governor General Jacques Soustelle, turning aside for a moment from a parliamentary fight in Lyons, found time to ask the government for another sixty thousand troops. The caretaker government has done its best to send them, and now, in the interval before another government appears, the military have matters more or less in their own hands.

Many French soldiers have come back from Indo-China only to find themselves rerouted for Algeria or Morocco. NATO protests notwithstanding, the French have already taken three of their five fighting divisions committed to NATO out of Europe, and they are threatening to withdraw even more troops.

The Men in the Mountains

The tactic is not a new one. Overwhelming military strength is to hold the ring while the statesmen make wise concessions which are supposed to "undermine the extremists" without weakening the reality of French possession. This tactic, of course, presumes that you can find someone to accept your proffered concessions. It supposes what is now known in French political jargon, bearing on the problems of North Africa, an *interlocuteur valable*—a responsible opposite number. The Sultan of Morocco is that. So is Habib Bourguiba in Tunisia. And it is true that there have always been "mod-

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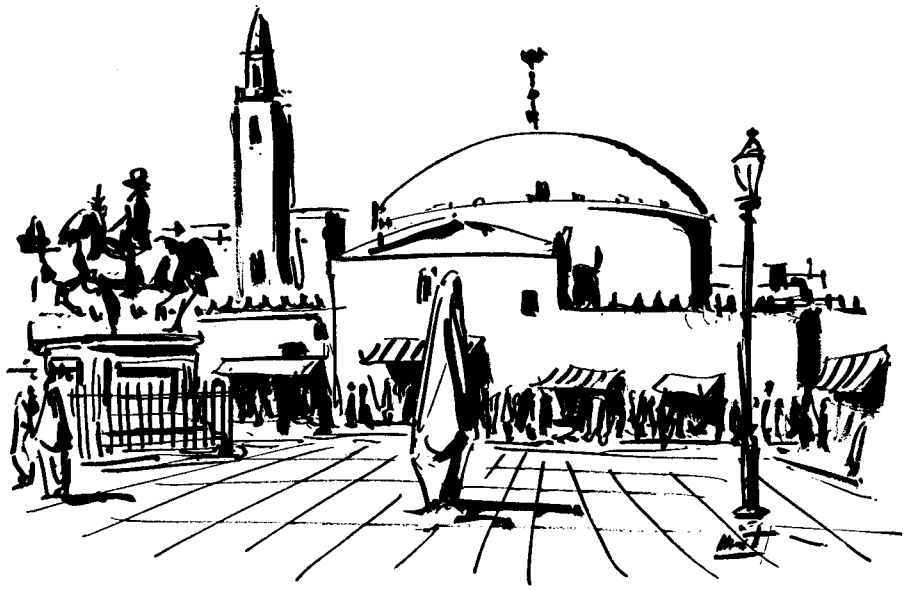

erates" among the leaders of Algerian nationalism. But they have never had much influence with most Algerians. Today they have almost no influence at all. Algeria has no *interlocuteur valable*. Not yet, at any rate: The French are still a long way from being ready to talk to the rebels.

Socialist Guy Mollet and Radical Pierre Mendès-France, hoping now to form a minority government that can secure a majority of Assembly votes for a limited program, including fresh action in Algeria, are talking about "a new Algerian Assembly." This, they are saying, would be an *interlocuteur valable*. What they do not say, so far, is that they are ready to face the fact that no new Algerian Assembly will be possible without a large measure of rebel consent.

But the rebels, on their side, seem ready to wait. And meanwhile they are doing everything they can to discourage any "moderate" Algerian from seeing himself as in any way "the Bourguiba of Algeria." At the Palais Carnot in Algiers, where the Algerian Assembly was sitting just before Christmas, the word "autonomy" was much in the air; so was "federalism," and Premier Edgar Faure later used the same word. But the Algerian Assembly was talking under a shadow. An Arab delegate to it said to me: "Let's be honest. We can't do anything at all—anything, you understand—without the agreement of the men in the mountains."

On December 8 the French police in Algiers were rounding up rebel leaflets that pointed out, in words of crystal clarity, that any Algerian Deputy agreeing to take part in new elections to the Assembly would obviously be guilty of national treason. The statement needed no further emphasis.

Those who made this threat were well placed to execute it. After a year of guerrilla fighting in these wild hills and forests, the "men in the mountains" claimed to have more than twelve thousand under arms. The French commanders in Algeria say this is a big exaggeration, but one cannot be sure how well they are informed. It is a fact that Soustelle's second in command asserted last August that the rebels then numbered between five hundred and a thousand; by December the official estimate had mysteriously risen to four thousand, and by spring, at this rate, it should be twice that. Whatever the true figure may be, it is undoubtedly much larger than it was six months ago. Rebel strength seems to have risen continuously since the rebellion began in November, 1954.

So, it would seem, has rebel capacity for war. "What troubles me," another French general confided, "is that a year ago they were operating in dozens and twenties; now they're operating in hundreds at a time." It is certainly true that this revolt in Algeria differs from all its predecessors—and they were many—in being skillfully organized, deliberately planned, and militarily effective. Anyone familiar with the guerrilla side of modern warfare who travels up and down this country soon becomes aware of bold and thoughtful leadership among the rebels. It comes out in the choice and use of terrain, in the selection of targets, in the bloody successes scored in raid and ambush, in the care given to the "political side," and in the careful terrorizing of fellow countrymen likely to give aid and comfort to the French.

The Algerian rebel leaders have lost little time in learning the business. They generally avoid attacks on French or other European civilians. Concentration on military targets is more difficult and much more dangerous but, from their point of view, a thousand times more useful.

Supplies are reaching the rebels from both ends of Algeria. They come across Libya and southern Tunisia into eastern Algeria, to feed the main rebel bases in the Aurès and Kabylian mountains; and they also come into western Algeria by way of Spanish Morocco. The French say that most of the weapons reaching the rebels in this way are of British manufacture. According to M. Bonhomme, the subprefect of Tlemcen (an administrative region which contains most of the threatened western marches of Algeria), "The rebels try to organize in units of eleven men. Each of these units is supposed to have one Bren gun, one Thompson automatic, and nine rifles. Out of every ten rifles we have taken, perhaps eight are British .303s. The others are Canadian or Belgian."

Ammunition? "We've destroyed some of their dumps. Usually they seem to allow four hundred rounds for each rifle. You can do a lot of damage with four hundred rounds. But of course they don't always achieve that."

These British arms come from the great piled-up armories of the Middle East: from Egypt, Iraq, and perhaps elsewhere. They cross the Western Desert of Libya and southern Tunisia in small camel caravans. One such caravan destroyed by the French on December 17 was carrying four British rifles, one Mauser automatic, one British two-inch mortar with forty-eight bombs, three

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boxes of German high explosive, twelve pieces of "plastic" high explosive, two hundred detonators, and six thousand rifle rounds. The arms reach Spanish Morocco in nondescript shipping, and from there they cross the narrow dividing strip of French Morocco into Algeria either with hashish smugglers or in little sailing boats under cover of night.

Rebel units are now beginning to appear in recognizable uniform: Officers are wearing badges of rank; steel helmets are frequent. A French military spokesman said the other day that American uniforms from "surplus stocks" were also reaching the rebels "by a roundabout route through New York, London, and Italy." Such signs of American equipment are taken by many French settlers as confirmation of their familiar belief that America wants "to push us out and take our place." The British are suspected of similar aims.

The quantity of arms reaching Algeria's "Army of National Liberation" in this way is almost certainly small, perhaps only one-tenth of the whole. And the rest? They are taken from the French or else dug up from caches in the ground or fished down out of the thatch of cottage attics, for this was always a warlike country.

In one of the many ambushes of last December in the Department of Constantine, for instance, the French lost three officers and sixteen men. Although the communiqué understandably neglected to say so, this meant that the French also lost nineteen weapons, some of which were certainly automatic. Even so, there seems to be a serious shortage of arms on the rebel side. A rebel sympathizer "on the civilian side" told me: "We cannot find enough weapons to arm the men who offer themselves."

Mohammed ben Bella

The leaders of a revolt capable of retaining the initiative with a few thousand men against some 200,000 French troops—a high ratio even in terms of the great guerrilla wars of 1941-1945—deserve attention. In the lower echelons they are men who have yet to emerge from a general anonymity, although now and then the French capture or kill one of them who turns out, more often than not, to have served in the French Army at some time or other during the past ten years. But the names of the men at the top are now known.

I narrowly missed meeting the rebel commander while in Cairo recently. "If you wait another ten days," they told me, "he should be back. Just now he's over there." I'm not sure he ever did get back: French reports just before Christmas were saying that a French agent had attacked him in a hotel bedroom in Tripoli and severely wounded him. (Even earlier than that, according to documents quoted from French sources, the local chieftain in the Constantine region—a well-known rebel called Shibani, alias Messaoud —had taken over "supreme command." If this report is accurate, it probably refers to command in Algeria or eastern Algeria only—supreme command almost certainly remains in the hands of the man I failed to meet in Cairo.)

His name is Mohammed ben Bella, and he is thirty-eight or thirty-nine. He served in the French forces that fought with the Allies in southern Italy in 1943—under the command, ironically enough, of that most imperialistic of all French commanders, Marshal Alphonse Juin, himself the son of a French gendarme of Algeria. He was decorated for bravery after the battle for Monte Cassino, and discharged from the army with the considerable rank of warrant officer first class. A native of the Department of Oran, in far western Algeria, ben Bella was later elected deputy mayor of the little frontier town of Marnia. This was further testimony to the man's ability, for it is not easy for an Algerian to be elected deputy mayor of anywhere, and quite impossible for him to be elected mayor. Some time later, having gone to prison for political activities and having duly escaped, ben Bella disappeared.

"A strong and handsome man, very sure of himself, arrogant even, but ready to be a martyr just like the rest of them." Such is the brief description I have of ben Bella from a French friend who knew him well.

IT IS NECESSARY to remember—and all the nationalists insist on this —that Algeria had to be taken by force of arms, and after the wars were over there remained no "native ruling class" with whom the French could come to terms. As a result when Algerian nationalism got started, it assumed the character of a wide mass pressure, and never, as in Tunisia and Morocco, was represented by small "intellectual" groups or the occasional writhing of chiefs and sultans.

Powerful orators passed across the Algerian scene. Of these the best known and loved was and perhaps still is Messali Hadj, long in exile in France. From 1930 onward the struggle for Algerian nationhood took an increasingly direct and political form. The upheavals of the Second World War gave a tremendous lift to those who wanted big reforms from the French, but the

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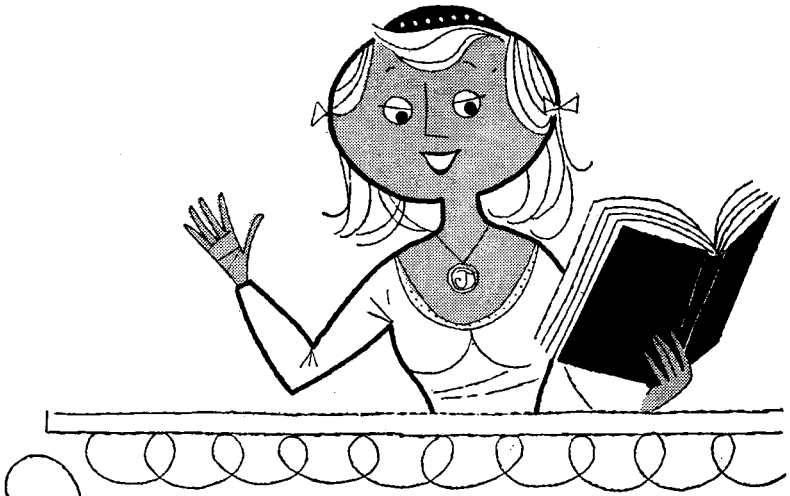

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French disappointed them. A rising occurred in eastern Algeria in 1945 and was bloodily repressed.

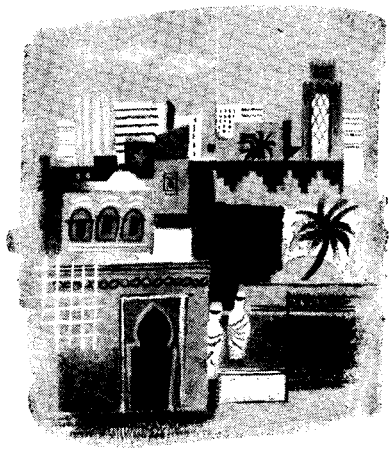
In 1947 the French promised fresh reforms. These too came to nothing. At this point, however, the Algerian nationalist movement began to change its nature. While Messali Hadj wanted to go on "protesting and talking and writing letters to the newspapers," the young men wanted action. Only action, they thought, would shift the weight of French repression. "We reached the conclusion late in 1947," my chief source said, "that our movement could never come near its goals without recourse to arms." Thereafter a number of the younger nationalists in the Messalist movement formed a clandestine organization that was to prepare for war, select the first recruits, train them and arm them, and wait for a favorable moment. Others were thinking along the same lines, and in 1949 the French police tracked down another secret organization of this sort and "killed it in the egg." But they missed the organization that ben Bella was to lead five years later.

C.R.U.A. Declares War

These young men soon found that Messali himself would not serve their purpose. "He wanted to be the master of it all," and this they were not prepared to accept. Indeed, they dared not accept it. In 1954, the Messalist movement split wide apart; by this time the young men were ready for action. They turned their secret organization—now well equipped—into a public revolutionary body called C.R.U.A. (Comité Révolutionnaire d'Unité d'Action) and established themselves in Cairo. Nasser put the Voice of the Arabs radio station at their disposal.

On November 1, 1954, C.R.U.A. declared war on the French. It was able, thanks to long preparation, to organize outbreaks throughout the country. These were small, and followed by a lull. The French at first mistook the lull for failure, and proceeded to "teach a lesson" by burning villages and shooting suspects in a manner familiar from the past. But C.R.U.A. had not failed, and this initially violent repression by the French turned swiftly to rebel advantage. By the early weeks of 1955 it was clear to the French that they faced a major rising. They began to pour in reinforcements, but the damage was done. The rebels were still few but they were strongly established, and French repression had brought them a fresh wave of sympathy and support. By spring they had reached out of the Aurès Mountains into the rich countryside of northern Constantine. They had pressed westward into the Kabylia country that borders on Algiers. At about this time, evidently made confident by these successes, the leaders of the revolt proclaimed the formation of the Army of National Liberation of the Maghreb. Uniformed rebels began to appear.

By September they had secured a footing in the far western mountains of Oran. By October they had linked up with the like-minded



Arabs in Morocco, and the northern Atlas Mountains were joined to the revolt. Ben Bella announced the formation of a joint command for Algeria and Morocco. In France, meanwhile, French conscripts were demonstrating against "another dirty war."

REBEL OBJECTIVES, so far, are limited to demands for an end to the state of siege proclaimed by Soustelle, release of all political prisoners, reduction of garrisons, and elections to a truly representative Algerian Constituent Assembly which should produce a government capable of negotiating "a new relationship with France." In rebel eyes this means Algerian independence, or something very near it. It does not mean the expulsion of Europeans. "Our Europeans will simply have to choose between being citizens of Algeria or citizens of France or their own mother country."

These objectives, so far, run up against total rejection by French officials from Soustelle downward. Soustelle is still talking about closer integration of Algeria with France: The harder France hugs this country, he seems to think, the stronger will French influence remain. The new government of France will have to decide whether a desire for new elections in Algeria—as the prelude to a new relationship—is to include a readiness to negotiate with the rebels. There is at the moment absolutely no sign that new elections will otherwise be possible. But new elections with rebel consent, however indirectly obtained, would mean an Assembly heavily in favor not only of a wide measure of Algerian independence but also of social and economic changes inside Algeria. The changes might hurt some of the settlers so much that they would use any means, fair or foul, to avoid them.

A Hungry Fighter . . .

What kind of social and economic program ben Bella and his friends would support is hard to tell. While they are certainly not Communists, they are just as certainly not comfortable middle-of-the-roaders. Yet it is not hard to see that the sheer pressure of Algerian poverty might take an Algerian government a long way toward radical programs of agrarian reform and industrial expansion.

"You have only to think what sort of men they are at the head of our movement," said another of my rebel sources here. "Most of them are men who were industrial workers or landless peasants. Many have known hunger. To them the revolution they are fighting for isn't simply a matter of national independence, though that is big in our minds. It's also a matter of changing a system that is quite incapable of supporting and feeding our people."

He went on: "We have one of the highest birth rates—two hundred thousand more Algerians every year to feed and eventually find work for. The French can't do this. No colonial system can do it. We'll win or we'll starve. And we'll win."

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Greece: Pride, Despair, And the Popular Front

CLAIRE STERLING

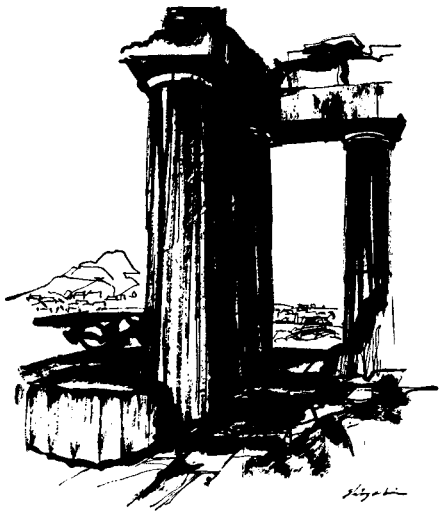
ATHENS

IT WOULD be going too far to say that Greece is slipping away from the West. But it certainly isn't our most dependable ally in Europe any more. The British and American diplomats who have been running things here for years can scarcely walk across Constitution Square these days without being jeered at by schoolboys or pelted with bitter oranges. The Greeks, who have sacrificed more for NATO than anyone else, have refused to take part in its latest maneuvers, and—disconcertingly in a country where Communism seemed to have been checked—a Popular Front has been formed to try to displace Premier Constantin Karamanlis in the February 19 elections.

These are the official signs of revolt. But it is still more disturbing to hear the Greeks talk privately of their "former allies," their "traitorous friends," and the "so-called" free world. This isn't the usual Ami Go Home story. The Greeks aren't fooled by Communist propaganda, having gotten to know the Communists intimately during a three-year civil war that ended in 1949. What's more, they clearly don't enjoy being angry at the West. Nevertheless, they surely are.

ALL THIS is supposed to have come about because Britain has failed to make what the Greeks call an "elegant gesture" in Cyprus, where 400,000 Greek-speaking islanders are living under old-fashioned British colonial rule. The Greeks, however, have been claiming Cyprus on and off since they fought free of the Ottoman Empire in the 1820's. But it was never before so important an issue, nor could it have grown into such an issue if the Greeks hadn't other and worse grievances.

For more than a decade, the Foreign Office and the State Department have exerted, to say the least, a strong and steady influence on Greek domestic affairs. Their intervention, in fact, has become a constitutional custom and most Greeks have been grateful for it. The most critical among them now are the first to point out that but for the Truman Doctrine and the two and a half billion dollars that came with it, thousands of them would have starved to death and the rest would now be living under a Soviet People's Republic. What they *are* living under, however, falls



short of the kind of democracy the West had led them to expect—and they haven't been eating too well either. If they are turning on their benefactors now, the real reason isn't Cyprus, though that's a good excuse for letting off steam, but the line British and American diplomats have followed here since 1944—and particularly the government these diplomats have done much to keep in power since 1952.

Papagos and the Rally

That government had seemed like a good idea when the late U.S. Ambassador John E. Peurifoy used his influence to install it. Greece had had twenty-six Cabinets in eight years, and none of the existing parties offered any hope of stability. Peurifoy, an expert in these matters, therefore supported the creation of a new party called the Greek Rally, with Field Marshal Alexander Papagos as its central figure. Papagos was Commander in Chief of the armed forces, and a national hero with thirty medals on his chest. His Rally not only won forty-nine per cent of the vote but, through an electoral law sponsored by Peurifoy, got eighty per cent of the seats in Parliament.

Papagos had started out as a symbol of national unity. He proved, however, to be an authoritarian and an unbending Rightist, with few of the healing gifts needed by a nation that had passed successively through a dictatorship, an Italian invasion, a Nazi occupation, and a tragically destructive fratricidal war.

Admittedly, he was facing some frightful problems. Greece had been dirt-poor for centuries, and by the time peace came, late in 1949, the country was stripped bare. Half of the survivors were destitute.

Furthermore, the Greeks were badly in need of the democracy their ancestors had invented. For twelve years, nearly every question before them had been settled by force. At least seventeen thousand political prisoners were detained, many of them guilty but many not. The fear of Communism had deadened initiative and been used to cover up all kinds of governmental inadequacy. The parties were hack-ridden, and a whole generation had grown up without any political training at all.

Papagos was too ill to face these problems in the last year of his life. But he didn't improve things much even before he retired to the sickroom. Apart from smothering every remaining spark of political energy in the country, sending thousands of petty political offenders into island exile, and requiring Certificates of Social (non-Communist) Behavior for everyone from a taxi driver to a street cleaner, his one contribution to democracy was the trial of eleven Air Force officers, accused of a Communist conspiracy and universally believed to be innocent of anything but patriotic opposition to the Papagos régime.

The Devaluation Muddle

Although the United States had been pouring money into Greece, until

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1952 a considerable amount of it had been spent in resettling refugees—many of whom had been sleeping in ditches—and in providing food, clothing, and fuel. The problem now was to get Greece off the American bread line, develop industry, induce the rich to invest and pay taxes, and stabilize the most inflated currency in Europe.

Knowing nothing of economics, Papagos turned these problems over to Spyros Markezinis, his Minister of Co-ordination. Markezinis is imaginative and clever and was active in engineering the Field Marshal's election. During the one year he held office he became the most powerful directive force in Greece—it was he who put into effect the devaluation of the drachma advocated by the American Embassy. But he was too headstrong to get along with the Prime Minister. Papagos forced him to resign.

As a result of devaluation, which cut the value of the drachma by half, the rich have gotten richer by buying cheap at home and selling abroad. Since the old special tax on imported luxury goods was removed at the same time, they've also added greatly to their material comfort.

Meanwhile, however, the poor man's imports—fish, coffee, wheat—have doubled in price; direct taxes have gone up twenty per cent and indirect taxes by twice that; and the cost of living has increased thirty per cent since 1952, while wages have risen by only twenty-five per cent.

THIS ISN'T to say that no economic progress has been made. Agricultural production is now fifty per cent higher than prewar, and industrial production seventy-five per cent. But not all this growth is economically sound. As Markezinis himself points out, the government has been helping industrialists rather than industry. The subsidies have gone where the employers wanted them to go—into industries that would require as little labor, and therefore incur as little trade-union difficulty, as possible. While this may have been convenient for the industrialists, it has meant little or nothing to more than a million Greeks who are unemployed or underemployed. Nor has there been any appreciable change, in these last three years, in the lives of the three million citizens—in a population of eight million—who are still living on the equivalent of twelve to twenty-five cents a day.

Nationalist Diversion

Greece has a standing army of 100,000 and allocates close to half its budget to the armed forces. This is no mean contribution from a nation that has one of the lowest living standards in Europe. But aside from the doubtful wisdom of imposing such a burden on his people, Papagos didn't give the British and Americans all the helpful co-operation they'd expected of him. It was he, in fact, who took the brakes off the Enosis (union-with-Greece) movement which has made Cyprus the violent issue it is today.

The most likely explanation for this action might be that Papagos was in considerable economic difficulties and was looking for the classic nationalist diversion. The Enosis movement, more or less dormant since a flare-up in the 1930's, suddenly sprang to life in the fall of 1954, when Papagos hauled Britain before the United Nations. After the U.N. Assembly postponed consideration of the case, the word "Enosis" became a national hymn and a children's chant; and by last March, the parading and chanting had given way to terrorism.

CYPRUS is now in a state of war. The forces fighting the fourteen thousand British troops on the island are no longer controlled by Archbishop Makarios, the revered leader of Enosis, but by a new terrorist band called E.O.K.A., which shows very little concern for the British edict that any Cypriot found with an explosive weapon will be liable to execution. In spite of the edict, E.O.K.A. has been able to press men, women, and children into service—especially children, who are encouraged by their parents and teachers, and even by so august a personage as the rector of Athens University. "As long as Cyprus remains under British oppression," the rector has told them in a radio broadcast, "we will not stop pouring in the soul of Greek youth the poison of irreconcilable hatred against them. . . ." During morning prayers at each school a curse is called down upon "the foreign oppressor."

The London Trap

There was more than a touch of malice in Britain's decision to invite Turkey as well as Greece to the London conference on Cyprus last September. While there are a hundred thousand Turks on the island—a hangover of the Ottoman Empire—Turkey had forfeited all claims to Cyprus in the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923. To say, as the British did, that nothing could be done without Turkey's consent was to invite the Turks to do just what they did—riot.

The riots in Istanbul on the night of September 6 had a savagery in them that shocked the world. There was no killing and very little looting, but more than five thousand foreign shops on the Avenue of Independence—most of them Greek and Armenian—were destroyed by a mob of twenty thousand Turks. The speed with which the demonstrations spread through the city suggests that they were not entirely spontaneous. The Turkish government accused the Communists of preparing the riot.

Greek cemeteries were desecrated. Every one of the city's sixty Greek Orthodox churches was either completely or partially destroyed. The full damage, if a price can be put on such things, has been estimated at $300 million, which, coincidentally, is just the amount Turkey has been asking in a new American loan.

It would be absurd to claim that the Turks cared that much for Cyprus. The instigators of the riot, whoever they were, played upon the people's present economic despair, upon jealousy of the hundred thousand Greeks living in Turkey, who are far better businessmen than the Turks themselves, and upon a deep-seated hatred for everything western that neither Kemal Atatürk nor American money has been able to do away with entirely.

AFTER the September 6 riots there wasn't a single case of Greek retaliation against the Turks in Cyprus. However, Greece demanded financial compensation from Turkey and moral comfort from its western allies. It got neither. The Turks dragged their feet on paying dam-

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ages, apparently waiting for the United States to bail them out. The British Foreign Office said nothing. And John Foster Dulles sent identical notes to Greece and Turkey, warning them both to settle their differences if they wanted any further American aid. The equanimity of the American Secretary of State toward Turkey was bitterly resented in Greece. Several Greek publications thought they saw an explanation of it in the fact that former Governor Thomas E. Dewey's law firm had been retained by the Turkish government at a fee of $150,000 a year.

The Dulles note caused a greater emotional shock than anything that had come before. "We were trapped in London, beaten in Turkey, and muzzled in America," a Greek official remarked, "and then we were told to patch things up in the interests of international defense. We were even told to do that or go hungry. Our allies not only have bad manners; they have bad taste."

Shortly afterward – with the Greeks demanding withdrawal of their ambassador from Turkey, withdrawal from NATO, and a complete rupture with the West– Papagos died. Stricken officials of the American Embassy rushed to the Palace to find a way out of what looked like certain disaster; and within twenty-four hours King Paul had appointed a new and safe Prime Minister. The choice was Constantin Karamanlis, Minister of Public Works and Communications in Papagos's Cabinet. But while his record was good and his pro-western sentiments irreproachable, he hasn't been able to overcome the handicaps left him by his predecessor.

One of Karamanlis's first moves was to bring the Cyprus case before the United Nations again. He couldn't have done otherwise, but this time Greece was turned down flat. His next move was to propose a modified law for the forthcoming elections. Like Peurifoy's, the new law more or less guarantees the extinction of all but the biggest party in Greece. That's a big risk to take.

The Popular Front

The Greek Rally has now disbanded and Karamanlis has formed his own party, the National Radical Union, to replace it. When the Rally won in 1952, it had a clean record, a hero at its head, and the backing of the two countries whom the Greeks considered their closest friends. The National Radical Union in trying to assume the Rally's power has none of the Rally's original advantages. Individually, of course, no other party could beat it, but if all the opposition parties unite, they can almost certainly win.

It isn't the Communists, in this case, who have asked for a Popular Front. The offers have come from the other end; and they come not only from leftist groups like George Kartalis's small Democratic Working People's Party and the Socialist leaders of the late General Nicholas Plastiras's National Progressive Union of the Center (E.P.E.K.), but from such veteran anti-Communists as Sophocles Venizelos's Liberal Democratic Union, Georges Papandreou's Liberal Party, and even Spyros Markezinis, whose Independent Party is well to the right of the Rally itself.

The Communist Party is still outlawed here, but its front party, the Union of Democratic Leftists (E.D.A.), has been accepted as part of a new coalition called the Democratic Union, which is led by

Papandreou and which includes almost all the top personalities of Greek politics except Markezinis. It is thought that he too will join before long. It was Markezinis's idea to join hands with E.D.A., as a pre-election maneuver, in the first place. All parties concerned have several motives in common—a cordial dislike for the Greek Rally and its successor, a restless and discontented membership, and an irresistible if long-thwarted desire for public office.

Everyone is naturally careful to point out that the Popular Front is not dominated by the Communists. They admit, however, that participation in the coalition may give E.D.A. somewhat more than the ten per cent of the vote it had before; and they also admit that an alliance of this sort can't fail to push Greece toward neutralism, if nothing worse. The descriptions of the change vary: E.P.E.K. calls it a "re-examination of foreign policy"; Venizelos, a policy of "equal and proud friendship to all sides"; Markezinis, a "practical readjustment to reality." But it comes to the same thing in the end no matter what you call it.

THE American Embassy is doing what it can to hinder the new group. If the coalition fails, a former friend of ours here observes, "The Americans will win these elections, to the great detriment of the Greek people." Even so, the threat of a change in Greek foreign policy would remain. If political leaders in Greece do not dare attend a British cocktail party today, they may not dare put foot into NATO headquarters a few months from now, after the voters have expressed their opinions.

The only sure chance of avoiding this would be a settlement in Cyprus. Given that, the voters would still be hungry, restless, dissatisfied. But if nothing else, their spirit of *filotimo* —pride and emotion above everything—would be appeased. It was *filotimo* that led this country, with a population the size of New York City's, to stand up to the Italian Army in 1940, to fight the Germans when most of the European mainland was overrun, and to resist the Communists when almost all western leaders had written Greece off as lost. Thousands, perhaps millions, of Greeks are in the same reckless mood today. It may be unreasonable of them, from the British, the American, and even their own point of view. But it isn't the kind of mood we can accept complacently anywhere in the world just now, especially in the Mediterranean.

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'Militant Liberty' And the Pentagon

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

SIMPLY by writing in for it, you can obtain a copy of one of the most extraordinary documents ever produced in the guarded precincts of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, precincts into which no visitor is ever admitted without credentials and an escort. The document comes to you bound in blue, bearing in one corner the red stamp "From the Office of Admiral Arthur Radford, Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff," and in block letters the title "MILITANT LIBERTY: *A Program of Evaluation and Assessment of Freedom.*"

If you wonder just what the office of Admiral Radford is doing evaluating and assessing freedom, you find on the first page the covering imprimatur of Secretary of Defense Wilson, and an endorsing message dated November 2, 1955, in which the Secretary recalls how this production came about.

Last summer, says the Secretary, he called a special conference of prominent businessmen, educators, jurists, and journalists "to discuss the optimum aspects of a Free World ideology in connection with a concept called Militant Liberty—a thesis prepared by Mr. John C. Broger, President of the Far East Broadcasting Company, and now serving as Consultant in the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff." The distinguished conferees all "expressed great enthusiasm for the concept," which "analyzes and contrasts the basic conflicts between Communism and the Free World . . . provides a means of measuring the trends toward individual liberty or authoritarianism in any given area; and sets forth basic principles and ideals of liberty toward which people should strive. . . ." It is now promulgated as providing "unified and purposeful guiding precepts for all members of the Armed Forces. . . ."

Mr. Broger's presentation itself takes up only fifteen pages of the brochure, accompanied by nine charts (two of them reproduced here) and broken down under headings beginning with "The Ideological Necessity" and leading up to "Development of Objective." At the outset we are told that "The concept of Freedom and the true worth of individual man has been appreciated for some time in the Western World"—a statement that may rate as one of the safest, if not among the most grammatical, ever to come out of the Pentagon.

The Broger Scale of Freedom

But soon we find ourselves in the midst of argumentation. The Communists have made great gains in our time "in large measure because they know what they believe, why they believe it, and can explain it to people anywhere in understandable terms." We free people, on the other hand, have "many times been incoherent and lacked the verbal ability to explain or defend completely what liberty is and thereby have forfeited the field to the Communists."

So much for our political philosophers, the Department of State, and the U.S. Information Service. Our concepts, therefore, "must be revitalized and be made to mean what they should mean." We need, in short, to say what we're for as clearly, cogently, and categorically as do the Communists. ". . . Communist ideology can only be defeated by a stronger *dynamic* ideology." Here's where Militant Liberty comes in. It "consists of explaining the ideals of liberty in a manner that will motivate peoples everywhere to exercise and collectively demonstrate the practices of a positive philosophy of Freedom."

Then Mr. Broger proceeds, in revitalized language, to analyze the contrasts between our own and the Communist worlds. The key to "Free World ideology," he tells us, is the "sensitive individual conscience," which stands diametrically opposed to the "annihilated individual conscience" of the Communists. Any nation can be measured on a scale from zero to plus one hundred by the extent to which it moves toward the former, or on a scale of zero to minus one hundred by the extent to which it moves toward the latter. The way to do this is to break down a nation into six categories ("Discipline, Religion, Civics, Education, Social Order, and Economic Order") and mark opposite each an "Assigned Value" on the Broger scale, totting them all up to reach a general plus or minus average.

"Once we have bi-polarized the world premised on the positions of strength of the Sensitive Individual Conscience and the Annihilated Conscience in the two extremes, how," asks the consultant of the Joint Chiefs, "do we relate this scale to the varying problems in the nation?" The answer is obvious. We should advance toward the full realization of our basic freedoms, of which Mr. Broger lists ten, beginning with No. 1, "Freedom of Religion, Speech, Press, and Assembly," all lumped into one. Along with our basic freedoms go our basic responsibilities, of which Mr. Broger also lists ten. Matching Freedom No. 1 is Responsibility No. 1, ". . . tolerance of the beliefs of others." Further along is Freedom No. 5, "Freedom to own property and to contract in personal affairs," accompanied by Responsibility No. 5, ". . . to employ and conserve resources and to conduct personal affairs for legitimate and productive purposes."

OUR AIM in realizing all these matching ten is "to work with the nations of the Free World toward a position of plus one hundred"—that is, the extreme opposite on the Broger scale to the Communist position, which stands at minus one hundred.

A final chart, "Development of Objective" (*see page 33*), shows arrows crashing through to this goal, like the symbols representing armored task-force breakthroughs that you would expect to find on the overlays of military maps during a campaign. "That," says Mr. Broger, as the arrows approach plus one hundred, "is the Free World position of strength. The closer all na-

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tions are to it, the stronger the Free World will be . . . It is free people who will provide the wave of the future. . . ."

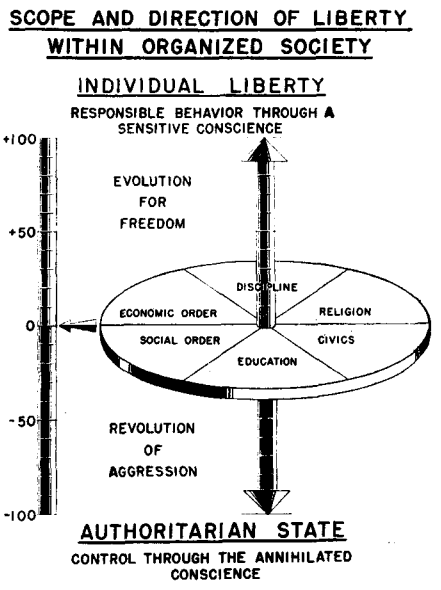
A Trip to the Pentagon

Not having heard of Mr. Broger before, and being ignorant of what had impelled the Department of Defense to depart from its normal function of manning our ships, planes, and guns in order to chart and codify "Free World ideology," I paid a visit to the Pentagon to learn more.

The first comment I heard on the program, unlike most of the later ones, was skeptical. "So you want to find out about Militant Liberty," snorted a crusty colonel, not attached to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, whom I stopped off to see on my way to the Radford office. "You want to know what the G.I. is going to say when they hand him this stuff about how 'The Free World objective must be to develop tactics and plans . . . that will draw the Free World nations toward a consolidated position based on sensitive conscientious individuals vs. the imposed class conscience of the authoritarian state'? I can tell you what he'll say if it ever gets down to him.

"But don't worry, it won't. This is just another of those front-office boondoggles. The Admiral says we need an ideology, so they hire a guy and appoint a committee that unanimously agrees we're all for clean living and American motherhood and the rest of it. So the fellow writes up a lot of stuff that was said much better in the Boy Scout Handbook, wraps it all up into a capsule, and now they think they've got something like ideological Little Liver Pills." He slung his lean infantryman's legs up onto his desk edge. "This place isn't what it used to be. It's as if Moral Re-Armament had hit the joint. You'll see."

IN THE FALL of 1950, when Admiral Radford was headquartered at Pearl Harbor as Commander in Chief, Pacific, there came to his office a spare, short civilian in his thirties who had recently started up something interesting out in Manila. The visitor, John C. Broger, a naval reservist and former wartime warrant officer in the intelligence and electronics branch on board the aircraft carrier *Bon Homme Richard,* had stayed on in the Orient after demobilization, fired by the idea of bringing a Christian message by mass communications to Asian peoples. With two associates he had managed to drum up enough money, chiefly from Protestant denominations, to set up a short- and medium-wave broadcasting network in the Philippines. The young man, educated at Southern California Bible College, had worked as a designer for a manufacturing company and occasionally as a radio producer. Somewhere along the line he had



acquired a missionary zeal for spreading Christian and American principles in the Far East.

Between the young visitor and the famous combat Admiral an immediate liking and understanding sprang up. Radford, amid the moral letdowns of the postwar era, had become concerned with the need to provide spiritual stiffening to American youth at home as well as to our Allies abroad; he was sustained in this by a strong religious faith. (The Admiral, formerly an Episcopalian, has since become a mainstay of Dr. Edward L. R. Elson's National Presbyterian Church in Washington, whose most distinguished parishioner is the President, and he was chosen last April to accept on behalf of the Armed Services the forty millionth New Testament to be distributed by the American Bible Society in its world-wide work.)

Three years later, in 1953, while serving a short tour of duty with the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington, Mr. Broger ran into Radford again in the Pentagon front corridor, and the Admiral, now Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, had not forgotten the spiritual broadcaster from Manila.

Mr. Broger, for his part, had been busy building up his Far East Broadcasting network—an organization that today, with a staff of one hundred in Manila and some four hundred volunteer contributors on the Asian mainland, transmits in thirty-six languages and dialects (including Russian) for twenty hours a day over eight transmitters in the Philippines and five on Formosa. All this, so Mr. Broger states, without a penny of U.S. government support.

The Korean War had come and gone since Mr. Broger's last meeting with the Admiral, leaving a bitter record of moral unpreparedness on the part of many G.I.s. Communism was still making giant strides in Southeast Asia. At any moment we might find ourselves committed to war again—and the Admiral couldn't get it out of his mind that something seemed to be lacking in our spiritual resources.

Admiral Radford soon after asked Mr. Broger to come on the Joint Subsidiary Activities Division of his own staff as a sixty-day consultant, bringing along the emergent concept of Militant Liberty. There he remains today, several times sixty days after.

A Chat with Mr. Broger

Mr. Broger is a slight, impeccably groomed man with searching eyes, high temples, and a closely clipped moustache. He addresses you with collected poise, using sure hands to underscore the points made by his extraordinarily flexible speaking voice.

"How did you happen to hit upon the phrase 'Militant Liberty'?" I asked him as he sat in a windowless, map-lined room deep in the Joint Staff's confines. He shares the room with two full colonels who have been assigned to his project. "Well," he said, "first I put down all the words that meant 'liberty' or 'freedom,' and selected 'liberty' because it didn't just mean 'absence of

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restraint.' As for 'militant,' I looked around among words to find one that would put over the idea that you have to express dynamic convictions in support of liberty."

"Of course, 'militant' isn't supposed to suggest anything military," put in one of the colonels.

"And how was it that in your presentation you hit upon those particular ten basic freedoms and matching responsibilities rather than another number?" I asked.

"Ten is a good, round number," he said. "We've tried to keep them to ten because that many is easy to remember. Giving twelve words of description to each freedom totals a hundred and twenty—anyone can memorize that—plus the same number for the responsibilities, of course. That's two hundred and forty. Although"—and here he brought out from a drawer an enlarged presentation of Militant Liberty almost a foot and a half wide—"you can of course expand the number. He're we've run them up to seventy-two. Seventy-two basic rights, we call them here. And seventy-two matching responsibilities. And over here, in the next column, you see what happens when you forfeit a right through evading its responsibility. Seventy-two consequences under Communist regimentation. The obverse, you see." While I made notes, he added quickly, "But naturally you could pick some other number —fifty, say."

One of the colonels meanwhile had arranged for me to go in and see an admiral.

In 1954, Broger's concept of Militant Liberty had already reached a point where it impelled Admiral Radford to send one of his ranking JCS officers, Brigadier General Millard C. Young, out to the West Coast to sit in on a conference held under the leadership of Chancellor Raymond B. Allen of the University of California to discuss it. Then last year Secretary Wilson, catching the enthusiasm of his top admiral, invited eighteen dignitaries from all over the country to come and dine with him and discuss the idea for a day.

Mr. Broger made what is usually called a verbal presentation of his idea; Dr. Kenneth D. Wells of the Freedom Foundation of Valley Forge moderated; the conferees debated and analyzed, and before nightfall gave Militant Liberty their full endorsement.

Soon thereafter, the idea was presented to the Operations Coordinating Board, a group set up on what is known in Washington as the "Under Secretaries' level" to harmonize ideas produced by the Defense and State Departments, the Central Intelligence Agency, the U.S. Information Agency, the International Cooperation Administration, and the White House staff.

The Operations Coordinating Board set a working committee to try to figure out just how Militant Liberty could be applied in the fight against world Communism. The suggestion had been put forth that patriotic and resistance groups abroad be mobilized under its aegis. But while OCB "endorsed" the program, the working group found that in a world in which so many countries outside the Communist orbit were not militant and some not even libertarian, Militant Liberty might not be quite the gospel to preach on an all-out basis after all.

At the State Department, when you ask what they think of the concept, you are apt to be told, "In principle, it's unexceptionable, no doubt. But in practice. . . . well, you know. Take Yugoslavia, or Spain."

The U.S. Information Agency is slightly evasive when asked what it is doing to promulgate Militant Liberty. "Well, now, we just don't go in for slogans over the Voice of America. We feel we're getting the American message across pretty satisfactorily as it is. What we have done is to send the Militant Liberty presentation to many of our key field posts overseas, asking for comments on how it might be used."

There have been no comments so far.

But it will not do to dismiss Militant Liberty lightly. It has been presented in briefing sessions to a list of important official personages and organizations ranging from Vice-President Nixon and seven American Ambassadors, including Mrs. Luce, to the National War College ("lecture and committee study with student body and two special conferences with faculty"), the Air War College, the Armed Forces Staff College, the Air Command and Staff College (the latter three of which have now included it into their normal curriculum), the United States Military Academy ("movie for selected group of faculty and cadets"), the Air Force Academy, SHAPE Headquarters, and the Strategic Intelligence School. It has been tried out on many university faculty groups, on the American Legion, on the board chairman of the National Association of Manufacturers, on the National Council of Churches, on Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee and Governor Allan Shivers of Texas, on the executive board of the National Convention of the Sons of the American Revolution, and on the headquarters of Kiwanis International, which has stated a desire "to propagate Militant Liberty in an international context."

Beyond Toughness and Bravery

Behind the Pentagon's venture into formulating a political creed lies a story in a somber key—a chronicle of armed-service bafflement, self-examination, and deep professional dismay. As one general officer expressed it, "You people outside may not recognize it, but the years 1950 to 1953 took us here over a watershed. We had known pretty much one kind of war. The Korean affair was something entirely different—a war fought largely with political means. It hit us hard, what happened to many of our servicemen when the Communists turned the political heat on them. You know how many a decent man broke. To outsiders it was a human tragedy. To us it was an earthquake."

He tossed across his desk a copy of the report of Secretary Wilson's high-ranking Advisory Committee on Prisoners of War, which had led President Eisenhower last year to proclaim a new "Code of Conduct" binding on all Americans under arms. "A large number of American P.O.W.s did not know what the Communist program was all about," the report had stated. ". . . many times the Chinese or Korean instructors knew more about [the United States] than he did. . . . It was not

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an inspiring spectacle. . . . It made fools of some men and tools of others. . . ."

"This new kind of warfare needs a new kind of soldier," said the general, "a man who isn't just physically tough and brave, but who is spiritually strong and *believes*, and knows why he believes it. Someone is going to have to instill that belief. We need clear convictions—now."

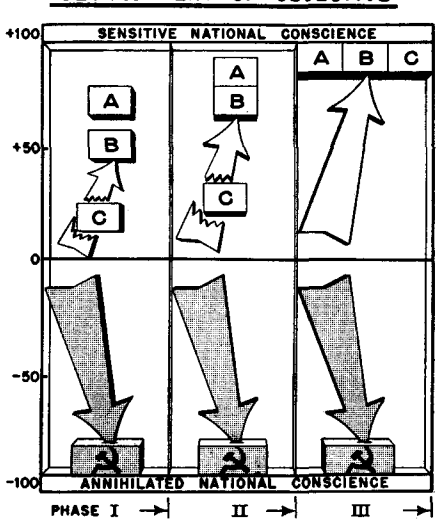
There has been much discussion of this problem among Defense officials recently. As Carter L. Burgess, an Assistant Secretary of Defense, put it, quoting a former American prisoner of war in Korea, "A man's ability to resist Communist techniques seemed to be in direct ratio to the firmness of his basic convictions before he was captured." Assistant Secretary of the Army Hugh H. Milton II dwelt on the fact that many American prisoners encountering Communist propaganda for the first time "were distressed to find their American beliefs had little logical structure. . . . many came to believe there must be some American dogma equivalent to Marxism concerning which they unfortunately happened to be ignorant." And the Army's Chief of Staff, General Maxwell D. Taylor, a famous airborne commander and past Superintendent at West Point, declared in a speech to the National School Boards Association last fall that the general educational no less than physical levels of draftees were appallingly low, and that greatly improved "complete training" of our young generation was in order.

"At Dienbienphu," a JCS colonel wearing a Distinguished Service Cross with clasp—a man who is particularly close to Admiral Radford—remarked to me, "only five per cent of the military potential of either side was involved—yet the battle was of huge psychological importance. We're in a new phase of warfare, where numbers may not count as much as psychological factors."

"We're facing a kind of moral and intellectual vacuum, damn it," said another colonel wearing a combat infantryman's badge, and now assigned to the office of the Secretary of Defense. "The schools just aren't doing their job to teach our kids the elementary facts of American life, and the people abroad don't think we stand for any ideals at all."

All this, of course, is a far cry from the days of the Second World War, when field officers often thought psychological warfare had something to do with the Medical Corps, and when "Troop Information and Education" was widely looked down upon as a frill that shouldn't interfere with more relevant exercises such as field-stripping a .45. A revolution was evidently occurring—or at least a delayed take.

I TALKED TO Rear Admiral Charles F. Chillingworth, Jr., of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to Rear Admiral H. O. Larson, Director of Armed Forces Information and Eduction, and to many other officers who do not like to be quoted directly. Many of them, when they spoke on the subject of Militant Liberty, had the air of converts. One admiral said this: "Now I know there's nothing new in Broger's program, really. It's all been said before. But let me tell you, never before in my life have I been able to sit down and in thirty minutes get a clear, straightforward exposition of what it is we really stand for."



"It's like what Dale Carnegie did," chimed in another officer. "Carnegie didn't have a new idea, just a new formulation about getting along with people. He put it all down in a book and made a fortune."

"It's a package," said the admiral.

The Rush to Philosophy

The Armed Forces Information and Education Office, under Admiral Larson, is providing the three services with a continuous flow of civics lectures, high-school-level courses, and well-written brochures on American history, politics, and the nature of the Communist foe, together with radio and TV programs and some forty educational motion pictures a year. Recent speakers presented on these have included George F. Kennan, Justice William O. Douglas, Ambassador George V. Allen, and General Walter Bedell Smith. What are you doing, I asked them, to make this Militant Liberty concept palatable to G.I.s?

They realize they are going to have trouble reducing its "pseudo-scientific lingo," as one officer put it, to concepts that will be meaningful to the rank and file. But they're going to try. They have turned over Mr. Broger's treatise to the Jam Handy Organization of Detroit—a counseling and merchandising concern that is doing work for General Motors and the Coca-Cola people—asking it to come up with concrete proposals as to how to "put over" Militant Liberty in graphic, easily comprehensible terms in all media to troops. If Militant Liberty cannot win the minds of the uncommitted peoples, perhaps it can at least serve to stiffen the minds of our own servicemen.

Beyond this, with the light of Militant Liberty shining before it, the Defense Department is going in for something it describes as "Pre-Service Motivational Training." "We cannot truly succeed in the Army if your job in the school is not well done," General Taylor told the educators last year. And a memorandum of Mr. Wilson to his Service Secretaries last August stated: "It is recognized that moral character and firm beliefs in our American way of life are largely formed prior to entry into service. . . . It is, therefore, desired you initiate a series of exploratory conferences with representatives of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to determine the feasibility of developing more effective pre-service training in our American way of life . . ."

Carrying on in the spirit of that instruction, Department of Defense officers in January staged a conference with representatives not only of Health, Education, and Welfare but of the Departments of Com-

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merce, Agriculture, and Labor as well; it was proposed that all hands consider ways of enlisting private support in bettering the inculcation of civics in our youth.

The military mind, dedicated to forceful action as against the accommodations, equivocations, and compromises of civilian life, is by nature out to win, and it subscribes to the belief that if everyone joins ranks we *can* win. If some unexpected fault showed up in us in Korea, then the thing to do is to correct that fault and mark up an "Objective" that will overcome it. The idea that a certain objective may possibly be unattainable—in this case, the perfect "packaging" of all our political beliefs—is hard for the military mind to take.

"Perhaps they've won too many triumphs in technology for their own good," a Washington social scientist told me. "Now they're rushing for a philosophy—like the atomic scientists who've seen sin."

"BUT YOU KNOW," an admiral remarked to me at the end of my visit to the Pentagon, "we've simply got to do something to help these men—in the service and before they get into it. The services are pretty good educators in training a man to shoot. But in thirteen weeks of basic training we can't teach a man to believe unless something has gone before, can we? Something has gone out of our life, I'm afraid." He leaned back under his admiral's flag and gazed out at the January snow falling over Arlington. "Something that was pretty worthwhile. Take the Fourth of July. Now we proclaim a Safe and Sane Fourth, and ban firecrackers. But there was something good about the firecrackers, and the oratory, and the parades that reminded us of our ancestors and what they did. Today, the services have one hell of a time getting bands. I'm for bands. I'm for those old memorial parades. I'm for recovering a sense of what has made this nation of ours tick. And I don't want ever"—here his warm eyes hardened—"ever again to see happen what happened to some of our boys in Korea."

There was no mistaking his pride, his sense of shame, and his hunger for sustenance.

200 Acres in Iowa: 'We Need Help Right Now'

DALE KRAMER

HERB RING is a stocky, quick-moving man of thirty-eight who farms two hundred acres near Sigourney in southeastern Iowa. He is spoken of as a "damn good farmer," to distinguish him from simply a good farmer, and he has grown accustomed to think of himself as a success.

As a boy in the early 1930's Herb had been aware of his father's struggle to keep his head above water, and he was prepared to take some ups and downs. But somehow he got the idea "they" wouldn't allow a bad farm slump to happen. By "they" he meant the government people in charge of agricultural programs and the big fellows who run the business economy.

But Newt Ring, Herb's father, never stopped preaching wariness. His memories of the First World War boom, the postwar bust, the loud cries for "farm relief" during the 1920's, then the big bust and the life-saving farm programs were vivid. Old Newt made quite a little money during the Second World War, paid off his indebtedness, and socked all he could into the bank. In his opinion "they" wouldn't act fast enough at the end of the war boom, and he frankly lacked faith in the workability of the law of supply and demand as far as agriculture was concerned.

Herb's Postwar Start

Herb came back from the Army late in 1945. Already he was a family man, for he and Evelyn, a neighbor girl, had seen no use in waiting until after the war to marry. They had a three-year-old son. Herb's older brother had taken over the home place, but Newt, on retiring, had been careful to make an even division of assistance among his three children. Herb's share was $7,000. He had $2,000 of his own in the bank, accumulated from prewar savings, the sale of his car before going into service, and what he put aside from his sergeant's pay. Evelyn, living with her parents, had saved $900 from his allotment. So they had a total capital of nearly $10,000.

A 160-acre farm about ten miles from the Ring home place came up for sale, and Herb, wanting to get in a 1946 crop, bought it in a competitive market. Yet the price of $250 an acre was not considered unreasonable. The six-room house and the outbuildings were in good repair. Herb put down $6,000 and an insurance company lent him the $34,000 balance on a twenty-year mortgage at five per cent. This meant that he would have to get up $3,400 in principal and interest at the end of the first year.

Herb figured up what the new machinery he wanted would cost him. The total was more than $6,000. Of course he couldn't afford it, and anyhow not much new equipment was available in the restricted postwar market. Secondhand machinery was high. He paid $800 for an eight-year-old tractor that had cost $1,100 new. He got a three-plow attachment for $200, a set of harrows for $100, disks for $125, a four-row corn-planter for $210, and a couple of wagons at $90 apiece. Altogether, he put $1,900 into secondhand essentials. He would borrow his brother's oats combine, his mechanical cornpicker, and his hay baler. Or, if they should both need the equipment at the same time, he would hire a custom harvester.

The house would have to wait for new furnishings. They bought the former owner's electric range and refrigerator—the Rural Electrification Administration's lines were hooked in—and pieced out the house with borrowings from relatives and things picked up at closing-out sales. A car was a big item in the short market. Herb had to pay $700 for a 1940 Chevrolet that had cost little more than that when it was new.

All told Herb had spent $9,000

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of his capital, and there still wasn't a live thing on the place. The cost of putting in a crop had to be met, and there was the cost of operating beyond that. Therefore Herb went after another $5,000 of credit—and got it at the local bank on his note. His security was a second mortgage on the farm, a mortgage on his chattels, and—quite an important item—his father's signature. He paid $100 apiece for thirty brood sows. He gave $375 for three milk cows. Evelyn got three dozen hens from her mother and bought two hundred brood chicks at the hatchery.

The job now was to make a crop. Herb spread lime on forty of the sixty acres he was putting into corn—the major Iowa cash crop, whether marketed directly or fed into pork and beef—but any real soil-building program would have to wait. For seed, tractor fuel, hired help, and other cash operating expenses he set aside $2,000. He would still need some credit for feed, hog vitamins, veterinarians' bills, and the like. Evelyn, who is strong if rather slight, put in a big garden. The weekly check for butterfat and eggs paid most of the grocery bill.

The First and Second Years

Twenty years earlier Herb would have needed the help of a full-time hand to farm the 160 acres. But now, working the tractor all day and part of the night, and with Evelyn doing nearly all the milking, he got by with only $400 in hired labor. The crop year was a good one. The corn averaged sixty bushels to the acre. He saved an average of nearly seven pigs from each of his sows.

Herb was in the government corn program, and he took a loan on most of his corn, getting $4,500 of badly needed capital. After saving twenty of the best young sows from the hog crop, he marketed the balance at an average of $24.15 a hundredweight. His check was for $6,375.

Herb rejected the impulse to lump the two sums, forget a large part of his expenses, and report expansively that he had cleaned up $6,000 or $8,000 during his first year of operation. Being a man who likes to know exactly where he stands, he was keeping records under the guidance of the Iowa State Agricultural College. The system is complicated, taking into account interest, depreciation, taxes, and other more or less hidden costs. But it shows a farmer his net profit above the labor of himself and his family.

Herb figured $45 a week combined wages for himself and Evelyn. His net profit that first year was $2,800. Most of the gross cash income had gone to pay off the bank note and other operating indebtedness. Yet even the net-profit figure was a bit deceptive. He hadn't paid himself interest on his $10,000 investment. And of course there was $3,400 principal and interest to pay on the farm mortgage. When that was subtracted from $5,140—the total of net profit plus family labor—he could see why they had been forced to skimp on their living.

Of course Herb had to borrow again at the bank for his operating expenses. And wanting to get a better return for his corn, he plunged heavily on beef cattle for

fattening. In May, 1947, he got some relief by the sale of his fall hog crop. In Iowa hogs are traditionally known as "mortgage lifters." Herb was able to lift his chattel mortgage from everything except the beef cattle, which were for the time being living inexpensively on pasture.

In the fall of 1947, the second year, Herb and Evelyn relaxed. The corn was fine. Prices were rising. Herb was mastering the new farming methods that had been developed under pressure from the government to increase wartime food production. The vitamins and minerals and special seeds were expensive, but Herb was convinced they paid dividends. His cattle and hogs hit top grades. That winter of his second year his checks totaled a fancy $17,000.

Yet he was able to figure only $3,150 as net profit. For one thing, the repair bills on the old machinery had been high. And the prices of all the things he had to buy were skyrocketing. It had been another year of skimpy living.

Herb realized that to afford the new machinery he wanted he would have to find more land so that he could put the equipment to maximum use. Fortunately he was able to rent forty acres nearby, and, feeling confident, he spread himself for the first time since coming home from the Army. The major items were a tractor at $1,700, a cornpicker at $1,500, and a combine at $2,000. With other smaller items the total came to $8,000. He borrowed most of the money.

1948 and Politics

Herb gave little thought to politics. Like most other veterans he was too busy catching up. But in 1948, as prices turned downward, his ears began to open to the warnings of old Newt. The drift of talk among farmers was that if a postwar slump was in the making, then it might be wiser to bank on the Democrats, who at least had a record of acting in a pinch. Herb went along with the majority. It was this wariness of the farmers that carried Iowa for Harry Truman and ousted a Republican Senator, George A. Wilson.

In 1949 prices were on the rise again. Herb's net profit went above $4,000 for the first time. He bought a new Chevrolet—on terms—and Evelyn lavished $1,000 on new furniture. The next year they had a new baby and painted the house and barn and the barnyard fences.

Then came the Korean War and soaring prices. Yet Herb's net profits for 1950 and 1951 did not rise very much. Costs had shot up too fast. He noticed that according to Iowa State College statisticians the cost of machinery and power had increased 400 per cent since 1940. Herb's own figures showed a doubling of operating costs since 1946. He tried to be cautious in buying new machinery, yet he always found himself pay-

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ing interest on $4,000 or $5,000 of equipment mortgages.

In 1952 Herb liked Ike, even if his father didn't. Newt said Eisenhower's promise of 100 per cent parity was hogwash. Yet certainly Eisenhower wasn't responsible for the pinch that came in the fall and winter of 1952. Both hog and cattle prices broke. Herb's net profit dropped a couple of thousand dollars to what it had been in 1947 when he had only the 160 acres and the old machinery. The situation was better in the years 1953-1954—but Herb wasn't able to get his net profit up to $3,000.

At the beginning of 1955, Herb, while feeling that nine years of hard work ought to have put him farther ahead, was not worried. He could look with satisfaction at the reduction of his farm mortgage by $15,300, down to $18,700. The interest load was lighter now. His implement notes were under $4,000. But his standard of living was not really very high. The car was going on six years old. Except for a television set, they had bought no important item for the house in five years. From year to year they had put off installation of running water. They ought to paint again. And the eight-year-old tractor was about due to be traded for a new one.

When the price of hogs, the mortgage lifters, began to slide in the spring, Herb began to worry. In May he sold his fall crop at $17 a hundredweight, or eighty per cent of parity. That was going to pull down his net profit.

Low on the Hog

Then it happened. Hog prices began to spin dizzily to one new depth after another. Down they went to fourteen-year lows, down at last to fifty-five per cent of parity. Cattle prices sagged.

"I came out about even on my beef," Herb says. "The hogs killed me. I could have stood $18. What I got was under $11. There on the hogs is the way I figured my loss for the year—somewhere close to $4,000."

When Herb says he "lost" $4,000, he doesn't mean his books will show a red figure that large. What has happened is that his usual net profit is wiped out and he and Evelyn have had their joint wages cut from $45 to about $20 a week. And of course he has gained nothing on his investment of some $30,000.

The harsh question staring Herb in the face is this: Where is the money for amortization and interest on his farm mortgage to come from? His 1956 total is $2,635. Heretofore the money had come out of his net profit—with an occasional chunk of his wages thrown in.

Herb isn't broke. Far from it. But he is frankly scared. He wrote to his farm-mortgage holder, asking if he might forgo the $1,700 principal this year, paying only the interest. So far there has been no reply. This is not surprising. There are many thousands of Herb Rings, and the insurance companies and other big investors have a major decision to make on the leniency of their credit policies.

If necessary Herb can pay the $1,700. He can refinance his mortgage through the Federal Land Bank, clapping a bigger mortgage on the farm. In effect this would be digging into his savings. Many have already done it.

So Herb will still be in business this year. The bank will probably let him have all the operational credit he needs. But he won't buy the new tractor, or replace the 1949 Chevrolet, or paint the house.

According to Herb, he literally trembles when looking at his fixed costs. Land taxes have almost doubled since 1946. In the old days of live horsepower a man could trim expenses in a hurry. Nowadays costs are still mounting. Tractor fuel, repairs, and hired labor will be higher. About the only place to cut is in the standard of living.

Herb is sore. "Evelyn and I have worked like dogs," he says. "Instead of going ahead I've gone back at least a year. That means I've really lost two years. If the market stays down and the price of land drops—why, three or four years will bust me flat."

A couple of his friends have already "busted on the quiet." Not as well capitalized as Herb, they sold out under pressure from creditors. Handbills carrying the opening line "As I am quitting farming, will sell at public auction . . ." are appearing in large numbers.

Flexible Support

For months it has been fashionable to "cuss Benson." Herb is now almost as vociferous as old Newt, who always said big business would use the Eisenhower Administration to smash the farmer. The Secretary of Agriculture's inaction in the face of plummeting prices has been infuriating. But the resentment goes deeper. Farmers are quite willing to admit to overproduction. But not many are convinced that Benson's flexible-support program is the answer.

The flexible method is adjustment of government supports to the supply. If a surplus of, say, corn forces the market down, as happened in 1955, the support will be lowered in the next year. The experts predict that the price of corn will be dropped fifteen per cent on the 1956 crop. There are no supports for pork and beef, since the price of feed is supposed to control livestock prices. In theory the farmers, aware of oversupply and facing reduced supports, will cut production.

"Take a look at my case and you'll see why the flexible program won't work," says Herb Ring. "I can't get my fixed costs down. If I knew everybody else was cutting production—why, sure, I would too. But as things stand I'll have to raise every bushel of grain and feed all the livestock I can in order to get the cash I need. Besides, we need help right now."

Ike's 'Soil Bank'

Herb read the newspaper accounts of President Eisenhower's farm message to Congress, with its emphasis on a "soil bank," and his spirits were not raised. As near as he could make out, the "soil bank" was just another

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acreage-cutting proposition. At best the compliance payments would not be large enough to do him much good. And there was a real chance of his being damaged further.

The President's suggestion that surplus grain be released to farmers was what bothered Herb. That would mean a greater supply of feed, which in turn would lead to greater livestock production and lower prices. Herb was inclined to agree with the Des Moines *Register* that President Eisenhower "offered nothing in the way of a direct attack on the problem of low livestock prices."

ALL EVIDENCE indicates that Iowa farmers want production payments. The want prices pegged, with the government making up the difference between the market and the pegged figure. Such a program, they freely admit, is open government subsidization. They argue that other elements of the economy, especially industry, are subsidized. They point to billions spent for armaments and declare that food is every bit as important as weapons. The cry of "regimentation" is seldom raised any more. Most are willing to accept production controls along with payments.

The shift to the production-payments view was well under way in late summer. In September a *Wallace's Farmer* poll reported sixty-three per cent in favor of pegged hog prices. (By December the number had jumped to seventy-six per cent.) Significantly, sixty-eight per cent of the younger men spoke out for high supports as compared with fifty-eight per cent of the older men. The Des Moines *Register* has squabbled with the conservative Farm Bureau, which officially backs flexible supports, and is close to backing production payments.

But the most striking proof is in the rise of the National Farm Organization, which had its inception during the early fall in protest meetings in southwestern Iowa. Drought was stirring farmers to quicker action than in other regions. The chief demands were for pegging hogs at $20 and cattle at $30. The movement gained impetus when a former Republican governor, seventy-eight-year-old Dan Turner, joined it and took to the hustings with surprising vigor. Ironically, it was Turner who in the early 1930's sent National Guardsmen to quell the earliest farm-discontent riots. But Turner has roots in the old Populist movement. He is a big farm owner, and when the pinch came he joined the hue and cry after Benson despite his fondness for President Eisenhower.

Politicians waited to see whether the N.F.O. would spread out from the drought areas. In late November and early December it did—sensationally. The organizational method is based purely on spontaneity. A farmer or group of farmers in a county get in touch with the N.F.O. office at Corning, a small town in southwestern Iowa. Dan Turner or an N.F.O. organizer—some ordinary farmer who can spare a little time—goes in to speak at a county-wide meeting. The local farmers then drive through their school districts signing up members. In one Missouri county 1,600 were enrolled in a few days. The response in many Iowa counties was nearly as great. The organization has kept dues down to $1.

In early January the N.F.O. roared into Herb Ring's county. On three days' notice eight hundred farmers packed a hall in Sigourney to hear Dan Turner. Five days later 1,005 members—half the farmers of the county—had been enrolled. Only a few of those approached failed to join, and the leaders expect to enroll more than ninety per cent of the farm population.

THERE IS no longer any doubt in the minds of Iowa politicians and most others of the Middle West that the current now flowing is deep and strong. Not long ago Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, up for re-election, indicated extreme political panic by suddenly proposing an expensive sow-killing program. Benson brushed it aside. It is difficult for Hickenlooper, who introduced the flexible legislation, to jump all the way to production payments. But most Iowa political observers expect him to manage it, and he has already begun to make some fancy jumping motions.

It can be seen from the example of Herb Ring and his neighbors that the current of protest in the Middle West does not come from poverty. But it is also untrue, as is often charged, that farmers are merely angry over failing to share in the national boom prosperity. They have been hurt. The young men are badly scared. And the older men are concerned with more than investment depreciation and the prospect of working for nothing. They are worried, as Herb Ring is, over the future of their children.

Midwestern farmers are consciously fighting to make a solid place for themselves in the national economy. Not long ago the Des Moines *Register* declared: "Ezra Taft Benson may have served a noble purpose, in the long run, by dramatizing the issues and stirring up the political animals." It is safe to say that the drama has barely opened.

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Miss Fanshawe And the $30 Ticket

POYNTZ TYLER

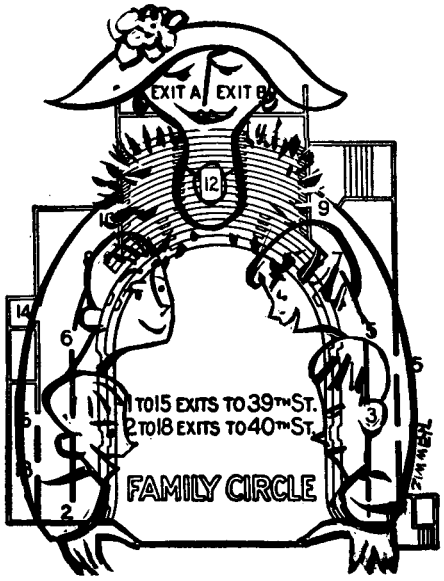
DURING LUNCHEON at Sardi's last summer a group of theatrical people were discussing ways and means of saving The Theater—the living theater, with upper-case "Ts," as opposed to radio, television, and wide-screen Stereophonic Sound in Glorious Technicolor with selected shorts. Several fantastic suggestions, such as improving the product, cutting prices, and selling popcorn, were rejected as impractical. This left one possibility, and a juvenile, desperate from thirty years on the road, advanced it.

"What we ought to do," he said, "is court Miss Fanshawe."

Only the check halted the ensuing squabble, for Miss Jessie Jerome Fanshawe is a young lady on the bright side of eighty who has inspired more dissonance on Broadway than her cousin, Winston Spencer Churchill, ever did in the House of Commons. She is a gentle lady, prettier than her cousin and personally beloved, but to many in The Theater her occupation is little better than that of a typhoid carrier. Actually she is a social secretary, a social secretary on the grand scale and *doyenne* of the eight ladies of impeccable background but limited fortune who handle the theater parties that New York charitable organizations are forever giving to raise scratch for the needy.

Ill-Mannered Santa

To Broadway, however, Miss Fanshawe's name connotes benefits; and as in most matters, Broadway is divided on the question of benefits. One school maintains that they are the greatest boon to the theater since the asbestos curtain, the other compares them unfavorably to the Iroquois fire. Many Broadway wheels maintain that benefit audiences have bad manners and exert a worse influence. Actors often complain that they sit on their hands all evening, getting off them only to rustle programs or exchange recipes, and some stars are so rabid on this score they specify "no benefits" in their contracts. Margaret Sullavan is a top and willing benefit attraction, but two of her ex-husbands, Leland Hayward and Henry Fonda, won't let



them in the house. Fonda won't, that is, if he can prevent it. As sole star of *Point of No Return* he could; as co-star of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* he couldn't. Tallulah doesn't care for co-stars *or* benefits. Several producers refuse to book benefits. They claim benefit audiences deprive true theater lovers of seats, starve the ticket brokers, put a premium on big names to the exclusion of fresh talent, encourage the production of insipid plays, and, by luring Hollywood down the same path, jeopardize the national culture. Rodgers and Hammerstein, long in opposition, did a flip-flop with their current *Pipe Dream* and had half a million dollars in benefit business lined up before it opened.

Even if all that the opposition says is true, any attack on benefits amounts to shooting Santa Claus. Last season some eleven hundred benefit theater parties put two million dollars into New York box offices, and they will do even better this year. A million customers snatched from Ed Sullivan would keep every theater in New York jammed for a month of consecutive performances, and last year's two million dollars would be more than enough to give forty weeks' work at Equity's eighty-five-dollar minimum to every actor who played Broadway in 1955—a spate of employment The Theater hasn't known since the heyday of the late Clyde Fitch.

Where Charity Begins

Benefits are old hat, only the beneficiaries are new. Old-time benefits were given to arrest malnutrition in unemployed actors, with cast and management donating their services and the recipient making an entrance between acts to get a sackful of money. Benefits today are given by the beneficiaries. A charitable organization will buy seats at the box-office price, sell them at prices ranging up to thirty dollars, and pocket the difference. And it can be a big difference, for they have to pay none of the amusement taxes (five per cent city, ten per cent Federal) that are the bane of Broadway.

The reason for this is eleemosynary, but the catch is that to escape the taxes the organization must take the entire house. On anything less it must pay, and this formidable provision has led to chicanery in the past and corrective measures by the City Treasurer and the Collector of Internal Revenue. One organization would contract for the entire house, thus evading the taxes, and peddle the unwanted parts to other organizations. This sort of thing not only distressed the tax collectors — who ruled it illegal two years ago—but frequently confused the cast. Friends of Franco in the orchestra would hiss the hero, the League for Industrial Probity would hiss the villain, and the National Committee Against the Poll Tax would hiss the butler.

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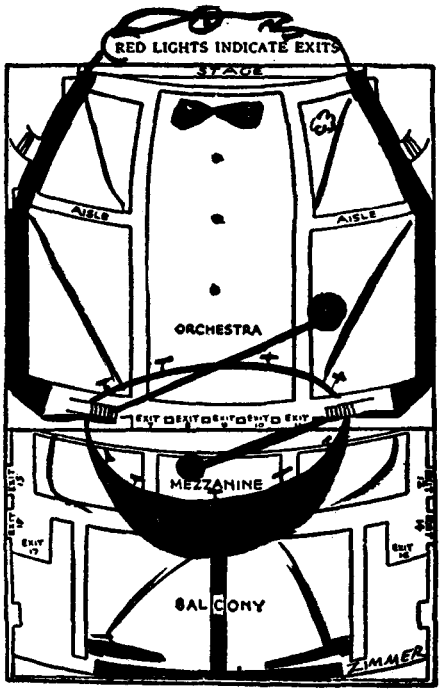
Since the crackdown most organizations take only that part of the theater they can fill, and pay the taxes, but the remission on a full house remains a fiscal snare for a lot of neophyte benefit chairmen. In the first beautiful flush of benevolence the largest theater in New York seems like a phone booth that can be filled by backscratching alone; after a chairman has agreed to buy every seat it looks like Yankee Stadium and is ripe for Miss Fanshawe.



Backscratching is a trade term which, loosely translated, means "I bought your tickets so you buy mine or else." It is a vital factor in the success of any benefit, but it can't do the job alone. Not enough backs. Experienced chairmen know this and engage Miss Fanshawe from the start, for giving a benefit is one of the most hazardous fiscal maneuvers known to man.

The Imponderables

A play with the greatest author, director, producer, and star can fall flat on its face while another, with all the earmarks of a turkey save wattles, will be the hottest ticket in town. Yet writing, production, and casting are usually the only criteria an organization has in picking a play, for nearly all benefit performances are sold months before the opening. They have to be, for if the piece turns out a lemon nobody wants it, and if the producer has a hit he won't bother with benefits.

Competition is an even more compelling reason. The number of people who will buy tickets without subjection to the gentle blackmail of backscratching is strictly limited, and the scramble for them is on an early-bird basis. Most people prefer to see a play only once, especially at benefit prices, so with eleven hundred benefits squeezed into eighty-three shows (some of which will have sixty to eighty), a performance within two months of the opening is a commercial must. After that "I've seen it," a legitimate defense even against backscratching, will be heard with increasing frequency, and benefit chairmen who waited until the reviews were in before choosing a play will wind up returning huge blocks of unsold tickets to the box office for distress sale at regular prices.

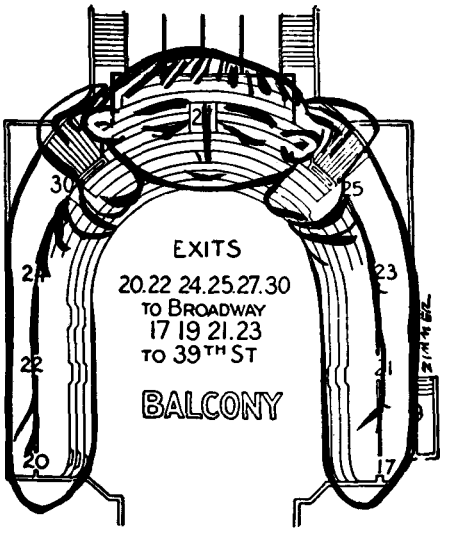
This seldom happens with Miss Fanshawe at the helm, but other catastrophes indigenous to the theater are unavoidable. The worst are those caused by shows that don't open on time, don't open at all, or close too soon. All are distressingly frequent, and the standard contract with theater owners leaves the organization absolutely no recourse but tears.

Unsociable Contract

In the first of five paragraphs the theater manager agrees to sell a block of tickets, and except for a rather hedging promise in Paragraph 3 that he will try to dispose of leftovers at the box office, this is as far as the owner goes. The second paragraph stipulates when the party broker will lay it on the line. (For the orchestra and mezzanine the terms are $500 as a binder; $500 on delivery of tickets; $1,000 a month before the performance; the entire balance two weeks before the performance.) Paragraph 4 forbids any dealing with ticket brokers or advertising without the owner's consent. It also reserves anywhere from fifty to eighty "house seats" for the management—always prime orchestras worth thirty dollars each at benefit prices—and this withholding causes almost as much recrimination between the parties as Paragraph 5, which flatly absolves the owner of liability for nonperformance.

This predated absolution has caused great anguish, but there is currently nothing the organizations can do about it except take extreme precaution before signing up.

Taking extreme precaution—and Miss Fanshawe invariably takes it—consists of calling up a theater broker. There are eight of them to choose from, all women (as are ninety-nine per cent of the benefit chairmen with whom they deal), and most of the larger organizations choose either Miss Ivy Larric or Miss Lenore Tobin. Miss Tobin, who entered the field after doing similar work for the Shuberts, and who invests in shows herself as well as being a party broker, can allegedly distinguish hits from flops by simply hefting the scripts, and is widely used as a sort of theatrical litmus paper. Producers will produce and backers back on her say-so, and she will endorse her own judgment with deals involving anywhere from two hundred seats to an entire house. She acts for the theater owner on a five per cent commission, or, if he has a hit in prospect and is uppity about benefits, she represents the organization and collects from it. Whichever she acts for, she works hand in glove with Miss Fanshawe, and between them they will get the organization as



good a break as Paragraph 5 and the mores of Broadway will permit.

Blood Groups . . .

Selling tickets follows a pattern. A preliminary mailing, designed to get paying sponsors and working capital, is sent from Miss Fanshawe's office

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to known or potential friends of the organization, and society editors are alerted by phone. Paying sponsors are anybody who will buy at least two tickets, and are not to be confused with snob-appeal sponsors, who are generally given free tickets in exchange for the use of their names.

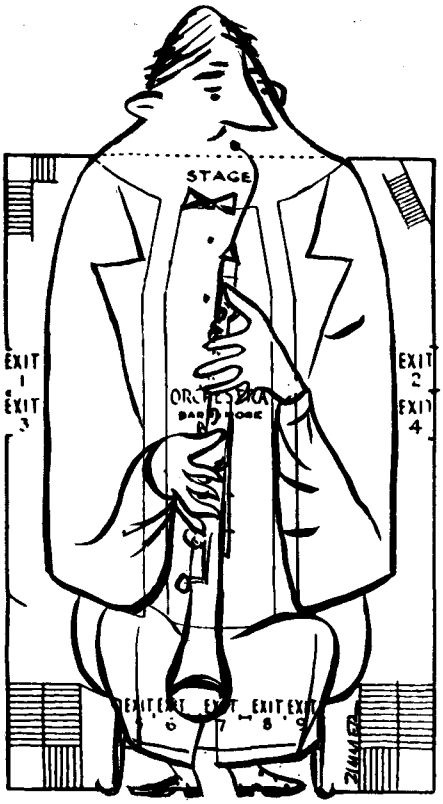
These names are vital, for there is a rich vein of benefit customers that can be tapped only by the nobility, and its patronage is determined by a rigid protocol based on the *Almanach de Gotha, Burke's Peerage,* and *The Social Register,* in that order. A Marquise, for example, will outdraw a Vicomtesse, and a seat within coughing distance of an English nobleman is more desirable than one next a New York dowager. Such a blooded core, if available, will be buttressed by sixty or seventy commoners of high social assay, and the whole will be featured in newspaper releases—all bearing the tag line "Tickets from Miss Fanshawe"—and in the second mailing.

. . . and the Large Net

Miss Fanshawe's office will handle this mailing, as it did the first, and it will cost five cents a letter (three cents for postage, two cents for hand addressing) plus printing. The printing will consist of a folder plugging the organization, the show, and the sponsors; a subscription card; and a return envelope addressed to the chairman of the benefit committee care of Miss Fanshawe. The subscription card, in compliance with city law, will point out that the tickets *can* be had at the box-office price, but it intimates that anyone who'd stoop to this legalism is a statutory cad. It urges, instead, that the purchaser remit the "suggested" benefit price and claim the difference as a tax-exempt charitable contribution. This is a good selling point, for it enables a subscriber in the upper brackets to see the show at almost box-office price and charge most of his inward glow to the Treasury Department. In fact, by claiming the entire payment as a tax deduction—and his canceled check to a charitable organization will support this gentle deception if Internal Revenue gets nosy—he *could* see it for less than he'd pay at the box office, but this is surely never done.

THE SECOND MAILING generally tells the story. It is sent to the most likely prospects in Miss Fanshawe's invaluable mailing list—access to this treasure trove of ten thousand names is included in her fee—and if the response buys ninety per cent of the tickets the battle is won. The rest can be sold by telephone or at the luncheons benefit-committee members are constantly tendering one another to set up pix for the society pages. Miss Fanshawe might even take some herself, although by this time her attitude toward the show is that of a cook toward food, and if worst comes to worst they can be sent to the box office for public sale.

By then, however, many greater misfortunes are beyond happening, and the very fact that the box office is open is cause for rejoicing. It



proves that the show opened and is still open. It didn't die in New Haven, it didn't postpone its opening until too late for the benefit, and it didn't close last week. Any of these disasters would have meant a heavy loss and a fresh start, so when the curtain goes up—even if it goes up on the maid dusting furniture as she mouths exposition, hallmark of a stinker—Miss Fanshawe and her clients are so relieved that they applaud every line.

Actually they're due a bit of applause themselves, for they have raised anywhere from eight to eleven thousand dollars on an administrative budget that rarely exceeds seven per cent of the net return—picayune by any fund-raising standards.

WHATEVER arguments there may be for and against benefits, it is safe to say that few shows open today without them. Contrary to wide belief, shows cannot be financed on the advance payments from benefits. (The theater, not the producer, gets the advance, and it gives him his seventy per cent only when the performance is over—so how could he meet running expenses if he used advance sales to pay production costs?) But a solid booking of them will smooth the path. Under the circumstances the producer doesn't much care if the audiences sit on their hands all evening or on each other, for they have made it possible for the company to eat at Sardi's regularly instead of the Automat occasionally. And on such fare, he feels, an actor should be able to take a lot of apathy—even demonstrate a little sympathy for its cause. The cause is simple:

"They pay thirty dollars for a ticket," says one producer, "and they expect thirty dollars' worth of entertainment. They don't get it. They don't get it because they've bought seven dollars' worth of entertainment and twenty-three dollars' worth of social conscience. And social conscience is strictly no boffs."

Deadheads Wear the Crown

Charges of apathy and bad manners, of course, are only the surface rumblings of an inner turmoil. Basic complaints are more deep-seated, most of them being founded on the honest conviction that the tail is beginning to wag the dog—that The Theater is being reduced to giving command performances for people who can't tell an amber spot from a proscenium arch but who know what they want, are willing to pay for it, and are getting it. They are getting it because producers are human, despite any evidence Equity might have amassed to the contrary, and humans would rather make

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money than lose it. Torn between two scripts they will produce the one more likely to succeed, and on Broadway today benefit appeal is often considered a requirement for success. A producer will deny this to everyone, even himself, but the fact that he will refer to plays as "good benefit" or "bad benefit" raises the possibility of perjury—not necessarily willful, or even conscious. For benefits offer a reward beyond the money they put in the till and their guarantee of getting a theater in a tight market: They can override the critics.

Anniversary Waltz, which ran for two seasons, played to benefits almost exclusively for the two months necessary for word of mouth to put it over to the public. Others have fared equally well at the hands of sweet charity, and while even benefits can't turn a poor show into a hit, they can prevent complete fiscal chaos by keeping it open on Broadway for the three weeks necessary for its producer to share (forty per cent) in the Hollywood sale. This alone, added to the fact that Hollywood either likes what benefits like or is guided by them, is a powerful incentive to mediocrity.

The positive requisites for "good benefit" are clarity, humor, pace, and names. This love of names, frequently unrequited, is the most stifling requirement of all. It frequently extends to authors, which means that a playwright must restrict his talents to those of given stars—and vice versa—and that a dramatist or adapter is shackled to both. This does not make for untrammeled writing, and the cognoscenti claim that what The Theater needs most is originality and scope.

MANY ON BROADWAY disagree. They claim that what The Theater needs most is money—and that benefits will bring it in. They shudder at the thought of what attendance would be today without them and flatly deny they keep "true theater lovers" from getting seats. Quite the contrary. Theaters take benefits only during the first four days of the week, when true lovers stay away in droves, and *aficionados* frequently see a show only because benefits kept it alive until they get the money or inclination to attend. And is there any reason why they can't support charity as well as the theater?

Disregarding the charitable aspect as irrelevant, champions of benefits consider them an unmitigated blessing and wish The Theater would stop giving them the back of its hand and roll out the red carpet instead. There are signs that this might happen, for the Welfare and Health Council, itself a private charitable organization, is trying to reconcile the warring elements, but at least one producer doesn't expect it in his lifetime.

"All these loud cries against benefits," he says, quoting an author who gets little play from them, "are full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The real reason they are disliked—the only reason—is snobbery, and snobbery is the one vice that doesn't require money. The Theater thinks of itself as an art form, not a business, so it derides the ways of business. Benefits are a business gimmick, a merchandising device, so The Theater derides benefits."

Miss Fanshawe, who is kept very busy these days, was not available for comment.

The Remarkable Mrs. Luce

MARYA MANNES

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY, by Alden Hatch. *Holt. $3.75.*

"The call came at last. It was Arthur Vandenberg: 'Mr. Eisenhower wants to see you, Clare. Can you come down to the Commodore about three this afternoon?'

"She answered in the slow, soft, controlled voice which she uses when her emotions are most stirred. 'Of course, Arthur, I'll be there.'

"She replaced the telephone in its cradle as casually as though this were just another call. But anyone who knew her as well as did her secretary, Mrs. Dorothy Farmer, could tell by the intense blue fire in her eyes and the stain of rushing blood in her transparent skin that she was tremendously excited. . . ."

"This was the room that really expressed her personality. The walls were muted salmon pink relieved by some fine modern paintings. The north end was like a luxurious sitting room with sleek blonde furniture, slip-covered in coral, turquoise-green, and beige. . . ."

"Once, soon after Tish's arrival, Clare said to her, 'Would you be a darling and bring me my mink coat, the silver-blue one.' A shadow of envy crossed the girl's face. 'I'd give anything,' she said, 'to get a husband who could give me a blue mink.' 'Listen, darling,' Clare said, 'many a girl has married for a mink, only to discover that what she really had got was a skunk.' . . ."

"Clare's cheeks were as red as the roses on her lapel, her eyes shooting blue fires of excitement."

Unfair

The living are usually free to choose their own biographers; certainly few would offer a writer their collaboration if he were antipathetic to them personally or professionally. The revealing single clue to Mrs. Luce is that she chose, or allowed, Mr. Hatch to be her chronicler. For Mr. Hatch has written a silly, almost preposterous book. It is a cross between a Hollywood fan magazine, a Republican handbook for children, and the type of series some of us were exposed to in our adolescence with titles like *Betty Smith at School* and *Betty Smith Abroad.* It is one long paean of adoration, so clogged with clichés, so sugared with sycophancy, that a perceptive reader gags.

One might be tempted to call this unfair to Mrs. Luce. A woman so prodigiously gifted, so pretty, so competent, so powerful, an American diplomat in a very high and sensitive post, deserves a better trib-

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ute—one written for adults. There must be writers available (although they might not be Republican) who could match her brilliance, who could convey with distinction, objectivity, and insight the life and character of one of the most extraordinary women of our time, second in a recent poll of "most admired" women to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

And yet, as one reads on of triumph after triumph in this procession of careers and accomplishments —editor, playwright, foreign correspondent, politician, diplomat, beauty—the revelation dawns slowly but surely in one mind at least that perhaps, after all, Mr. Hatch *is* the right biographer. For no one else could express so perfectly without actually stating it the fatal flaw in this dazzling woman: a total lack of taste.

To many Americans this may seem a small flaw indeed; to some it would be imperceptible. So conditioned are we to viewing life as extended show business, to believing that what succeeds is good and that what one does is more important than what one is, that the fact of Mrs. Luce's supreme success absolves her from further examination. "Taste" is almost a quaint word in our ears, with an aura of lavender and Emily Post. Yet an attempt will be made here to show how taste in its true sense can tip the scale between celebrity and greatness, and how one woman can attain the first and yet have small likelihood of achieving the second.

G.I. Jim and Globaloney

This lack of taste runs like a fissure through this almost perfect portrait, although Mr. Hatch acclaims each instance of it as evidence of wit or shrewdness. No woman of taste would have written *The Women*—not because it is about cheap women but because it is cheaply written. No woman of taste would have closed her maiden speech in Congress with a crack aimed at a highly vulnerable man but in fact serving to discredit the kind of universal thinking badly needed by a nation at war: "globaloney." No woman of taste would have called a President of the United States, of whatever persuasion, a "gone goose." No woman of taste would have based her Republican keynote speech for the 1944 Chicago Convention on the specter of "G.I. Jim," dead buddy of G.I. Joe, to further the political fortunes of her party by arousing mistrust of an Administration at war. Mr. Hatch salutes the roar of approval which greeted this exercise by writing: "For those long moments, Clare, standing in the blaze of lights with her arms outstretched to them, seemed the shining embodiment of feminine beauty and spirit, of the hope of tomorrow, and of the compassion of women."

If her folksy colloquialisms and comic gags were the spontaneous

outbursts of an unlettered partisan, the element of taste would not come into question. But they were the deliberate attempt of an educated woman of means to stir derisive passions in the crowd by adopting their coinage: the technique of a rabble rouser.

No woman of taste, finally, would have permitted her biographer to end his book by using the verses of Solomon to describe her: "Who shall find a valiant woman? Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no need of spoils."

'Tremendous Inner Drive'

It may be argued that this lack of taste is of no importance in the framework of Mrs. Luce's obvious achievements. No one can dispute her ability, her versatility, her tremendous capacity for work. Few have yet disputed her effectiveness in the job she has tackled. If Mrs. Luce were in show business, taste would not matter so much. But she is now in a position to affect national and international life. She has the respectful, even hallowed, attention of the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, the Cabinet, the Pentagon, and most of Congress, not to speak of the ear of one of the most powerful opinion molders in America, her husband. A lack of sensitivity at this level could be disastrous; power without taste—in its highest sense an understanding of others—a paramount danger.

Mr. Hatch's book ascribes Clare Luce's steady ascent to power to the natural ambition of a uniquely gifted woman. "She was forced by pride and hurt to excel," he writes of her, and quotes her angry response to those who decry her "tremendous inner drive": "Of course you want to do the best you can."

Mr. Hatch charts the course of this ambition through three stages. From her girlhood through *Vanity Fair* and the theater, from Mr. Brokaw to Mr. Luce, she did the best she could for herself. From the beginning of the Second World War until her conversion to Catholicism in 1946, she did the best she could for the Republican Party and the war. Since her appointment as Ambassador to Italy, she has done the best she could for her country, for God, and for the Republicans.

It is Mr. Hatch's contention that personal ambition has been not exactly sacrificed, shall we say, but submerged in higher dedications. Many who have known her over the years say that she is kinder, mellower, more at peace with herself than before, although her inner tension, her consuming diligence, remain unaltered. Others maintain that the intellectual arrogance that makes her on the one hand incapable of suffering bores or nonentities, and on the other satisfied only in the company of those useful to her, is still very evident. All her life, her extraordinary talents and her unshatterable poise have put her in the presence of the great, whether in the world of finance, theater, the press, the Army, or the governments of the

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world. Her most valuable assets, next to her intelligence, have been an exterior so daintily feminine and perfectly groomed, a voice so soft and controlled, an attention (to her superiors) so flattering, that she leaves men unaccustomed to such combinations breathless with wonder. Even the more skeptical are dazzled: "She's about as feminine as a meat-axe," the writer Irwin Shaw is quoted as saying. "But wonderful!"

Some More Testimonials

Mr. Hatch has many quotes which affirm Mr. Shaw's final comment. Her second in command, Minister-Counselor Elbridge Durbrow, says: "As an old careerist, I could ask for no better boss." Senator Symington comments: "You can believe what I say because I'm against her politically. The fact is that when Clare acts like a woman, she's better than most women; and when she acts like a man, she's better than most men."

Bishop Sheen says: "You cannot realize the depth of her, the spectacular sublimity of her motivation, which I know about and which endures."

As to her detractors, Mr. Hatch has this to say: "That direct quality of Clare's mind is probably the reason why so many people, who don't know her, dislike her. For there is no question but that she arouses an almost pathological antipathy, especially among women. It is often said that this is just plain jealousy of anyone so beautiful, rich, and successful; but such venom, which is shared by some men—who don't know her—requires a better explanation. It probably lies in her terrible candor and the ruthless way she has of stripping away the shams and illusions with which less gifted mortals cover their inadequacies." The operative words here are "less gifted mortals" and "inadequacies."

It is not superiority but the assumption of superiority that breeds dislike. And this assumption, again, is as much lack of taste as lack of humility.

The Lost Lady Of Versailles

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE GRAND MADEMOISELLE, by Francis Steegmuller. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.75.*

It would never have occurred to Mademoiselle that a time might come when it would be necessary to explain to anyone—even in the Americas—who she was. She wrote memoirs not with the idea of establishing herself in history or that we in our times might remember her, but simply through a compelling desire to explain, almost to herself, the troubles she had with her father, her uncles and aunts, and with an all-important cousin. History was what her family did. There were Athens and Rome, of course, and her governess may have spoken to her about them, but history was the splendor of her family. She was concerned only with family affairs.

Once, exiled from Paris, she set herself to redecorating a country estate: "There was an antechamber where I always took my meals, and outside my bedroom a gallery where I hung the portraits of those nearest me: my grandfather King Henry IV, my grandmother Marie de Médicis, the king of Spain and his late queen my aunt Elizabeth, the late king of England and his queen my aunt Henrietta-Maria, my father [Monsieur, brother to King Louis XIII], my mother [Marie de Bourbon-Montpensier], and my stepmother [Marguerite de Lorraine], my uncle the late king of France and his wife Anne of Austria, my first cousins the present king and his brother, the duke of York, the prince de Condé and his wife, and my grandfather the duc de Montpensier. . . ." Splendor upon splendor. The names still echo, faintly now, glories that are

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past, but for Mademoiselle they stood for people who tyrannized or protected her, whom she revered or despised, loved or detested, the family from which no escape was possible.

The Most Eligible

Mademoiselle wanted to get married. It was a simple as that. And at first, at least, she was as reasonable as any scheming family could desire. In rank and wealth she was the most desirable princess in Europe. Of this she was aware. It was therefore, as she was the first to agree, entirely proper that the family should be free to dispose of her to its best advantage. As Mr. Steegmuller points out, she was not a pawn but a very important piece to be played on the checkerboard of dynastic European politics. That proved to be the main trouble. Two kings in succession, her uncle Louis XIII and her cousin Louis XIV, two Prime Ministers in succession, Richelieu and Mazarin, could not make up their minds how or when to play her.

In those days they were marrying people off in the cradle. Year after year went by while they fumbled about with candidates, offering them to her for inspection and then withdrawing them. Once there was a serious question of her marrying the greatest king of all, young Louis XIV; young Charles of England was suggested by Mademoiselle's aunt, the exiled queen, but he was behaving very poorly at the time, and Mademoiselle could not put up with his lack of spirit—moreover he spoke bad French.

Then Austria was suggested and Spain. Then they reached the bottom of the barrel; mention was made of Portugal. Unfortunately the King of Portugal was a homicidal lunatic who enjoyed shooting at people out of his palace window when not prowling through the streets of Lisbon at night stabbing passers-by.

Mademoiselle grew impatient. She had had the sense never to engage her heart in any of the marriage projects made for her. She believed in reason and mistrusted passion.

The Young Gascon

But then passion struck, suddenly, most unreasonably, and with irremediable finality. It was at Saint-Jean-de-Luz when King Louis went to greet his Spanish bride. They had some crack troops there, dressed in fine new uniforms. Mademoiselle noticed one of the officers, a little bit of a man and with what anyone but Mademoiselle would have considered an air of insufferable pride. He was having some sort of a row with a fellow officer and faced him down—he probably had to look up at him to face him down. A silly scene. But it finished Mademoiselle.

The young Gascon, with a name no one could pronounce and which not even he ever spelled the same way twice, came to Versailles and promoted himself to the name Lauzun and the King's good graces. He was provided with an even more wonderful uniform to wear. There ensued something that the great Greek tragedies or those by Mademoiselle's contemporary, Racine, could have dealt with: The proud princess threw herself at the mercy of Lauzun's dry and prudent heart. She went to the King and asked him to sanction the marriage.

The King agreed; the King withdrew his consent; the King knelt beside the Princess and they wept together. The King sent Lauzun off to jail. Some ten years later Lauzun returned—Mademoiselle had paid his ransom—only to blame her for his troubles. She gave him money with which he bought a fine house in Paris; she went back to writing her memoirs.

Mademoiselle in those memoirs and the author of this book, whose mood is so close to her own, write with ease and grace. They are always conscious of the Versailles grand manner and of the magnificence in which the heroine evolves. Kings, nobles, palaces, and battlefields are the personages and sets for this tragedy. But because it is a family tragedy it would not matter at all where it took place or when. Flaubert could have written it about the notary's daughter in a French provincial town. Dreiser could have set it in America. It is a story about money and ambition, about duty and rebellion, and it tells about a girl who, for all her cousins, her uncles, and her aunts, strikes out on her own and is defeated.

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Rebellion Under a Stolen Flag

FRANZ M. OPPENHEIMER

THE NEW AMERICAN RIGHT. Edited by Daniel Bell. *Criterion Books. $4.*

Two central themes appear in this collection of essays. First, that the new American Right, of which McCarthy was for a time the symbol and of which William F. Buckley, Jr., has become the most characteristic literate spokesman, is not conservative at all but rather a mutiny against order, continuity, and tradition. Second, that its roots lie in the anxieties produced by changes in the American class structure.

McCarthyism was embraced most readily among three groups: ethnic minorities of more recent immigrant stock, the new rich, and those of old Protestant Anglo-Saxon stock whose share of influence and income has been declining. In each of these groups the authors trace insecurities born of change. The ethnic minorities and the new rich, on their way

up, seek a social status commensurate with their economic status. Those of old American stock, on their way down, feel threatened by the newly rising groups.

The new radical Right caters to these feelings of insecurity in many ways. To those whose anxieties are most intense it offers the relief of explaining their peril by a theory of conspiracy as twenty years of treason drag into twenty-three. And it assuages the nagging sense of social inferiority of others by permitting them to look down upon distinguished generals, statesmen, and scholars as "un-American." It has been the misfortune of that patriotic patrician Dean Acheson—of Groton, Yale, and the Harvard Law School—to be the ideal screen for the projection of status anxieties, and almost every one of the contributors to the volume under review mentions what might be called the "Acheson Complex" as, if not the heart, at least the most revealing symptom of the political neurosis they seek to analyze.

Like orthodox adherents of a psychiatric school, the authors may have overemphasized a single complex in their analysis. Other stresses are mentioned only marginally: Richard Hofstadter refers to "the dissolution of American urban life" and "the rootlessness and heterogeneity of American life," David Riesman and Nathan Glazer to "the unsatisfying quality of life" in America, and Peter Viereck to the "psychological starvation, the cultural starvation, the mechanized mediocrity of too-efficient bigness" in contrast with "our own high anti-commercial traditions of Hawthorne, Melville, and Thoreau. . . ." But these references remain cryptic.

The Masquerade

The authors are therefore on much firmer ground when they develop their other major theme—that the new American Right, while masquerading as conservatism, is really a radical mutiny. Here they need no longer rely on speculation; the facts speak for themselves. Conservatism cherishes certain values and the institutions necessary for the preservation of these values. Recognition of the human need for organic continuity, tradition, hierarchy, and ritual and abhorrence of irrationality alike mark the true conservative temperament. And the true conservative would rather remain silent when he detects faults or weaknesses in the institutions he cherishes—the Church, the Army, the Supreme

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Court, the Presidency, the Foreign Service, the great universities—than endanger their existence by intemperate attack. By contrast, the self-styled new conservatives have at one time or another held up every one of these institutions to public ridicule, hatred, and contempt. The irrationality of the new conservatives—as illustrated by their vision of an America in shining and invincible armor, acquired with the hard dollar and without benefit of the Sixteenth Amendment, and by the intellectual sophistries of a Buckley explaining away the moral flaws in the methods of McCarthyism—must be alien to the true conservative.

The posture of the new Right is one of revolt.

Those who revolt are radicals, not conservatives; and it is therefore not surprising that, as Viereck reminds us, many of the tunes the pseudo-conservatives sing loudest were, like "Lili Marlene," once sung on the other side—and were indeed, as S. M. Lipset reminds us, then sung by some of the very same people. Not so very long ago it was the liberals who accused the Supreme Court of frustrating the will of the masses; and, as Viereck also recalls, the liberals were as indifferent as everyone else to the concentration camps to which the Roosevelt Administration carted off our Californian fellow citizens of Japanese descent, with, on the whole, only Senator Taft, Eugene Rostow of the Yale Law School, and a small smattering of men of the cloth dissenting.

It is good that we should be alerted to the paradox and the peril of Manchester laissez-faireism, anarchy, and rebellion sailing under a stolen conservative flag. There has been far too much smug self-congratulation on the supposed demise of McCarthyism. True, Senator McCarthy no longer graces every front page, but it will take more than that to cleanse our American air of the fears, suspicions, and intellectual timidity that have been stirred up by the unnecessary injection of McCarthyism into a necessary concern with Communist infiltration. A new growth of moral and intellectual courage is slow and requires a political philosophy that is not itself enfeebled by radical egalitarian notions.

As a true, dynamic conservatism explores the tasks before it, it may encounter other paradoxes. The preservation of our conservative values and institutions in an age of technological revolution may require increased public controls over private—and particularly corporate—activities. And in their endeavor to protect the symbols nations and men must live by, conservatives must be ready to clash with pseudo-conservatives. A zoning ordinance to protect a city from dissolution, less tolerance of commercial excesses by the Federal Communications Commission, more vigorous enforcement of the anti-trust laws—all these will find true conservatives and pseudo-conservatives ranged in opposite positions.

Meanwhile, men like Viereck, Clinton Rossiter, and Clarence B. Randall are serving their country well by developing a true conservative philosophy.

The MacArthur Gospel According to Whitney

AL NEWMAN

MacArthur: His Rendezvous with History, by Major General Courtney Whitney. *Knopf. $6.75.*

When General of the Army Douglas MacArthur appointed General Whitney U.S. representative on the Allied Council for Japan early in 1946, an American correspondent in Tokyo, under orders from the New York headquarters of his publication, cornered the General in the Council chamber after a meeting and asked him for some biographical details. The General fixed the correspondent with a pale blue eye and intoned hoarsely: "Cable your office that I'm

not important, son. Just tell 'em I'm one of MacArthur's boys."

General Whitney's 547-page book, which takes his subject from the outbreak of the Second World War down to the present, shows that his sentiments over the past decade are unchanged. Atop the solid cake of MacArthur's unquestioned achievements, the author has smeared the thick sweet icing of perfection, with a result that is sometimes pretty gooey. MacArthur has fought in more wars, won more battles, holds more decorations than anybody ("My father kin lick your father!"). MacArthur is a master strategist and a master of English prose—a good deal of validity in both. He is noble, democratic, modest, trustworthy, loyal (both up and down), courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. When MacArthur toured the United States in 1951, he was "Revitalizing the Nation" (heading of Chapter III, Part IV). The dedication of Whitney's book reads: "To James H. Rand, industrial pioneer, who had the vision to guide MacArthur's brilliant mind toward new horizons after a willful President foreclosed the old."

Whitney's technique as a historian is reminiscent of Satchel Paige's mound style: He mixes 'em up. There are inshoots, outshoots, drops, slow balls, at least one fadeaway, and a surprising butterfly ball. The last is demonstrated by the history of the Japanese Constitution, which begins "We, the Japanese people . . ." but which Whitney now

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admits was mainly drafted by SCAP. (This was denied in Toyko at the time, though its authorship was never in doubt.) The document, which became effective in 1947, renounced war "forever," and declared that "land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained."

In hindsight this seems pretty silly, and the pitch, which started out straight and fast, crosses the plate fluttering wildly: "Throughout the occupation . . . and since, MacArthur at every opportunity has supported the Japanese constitutional proscription against war and encouraged firm adherence to it." But half a page later, ". . . MacArthur realized of course and frequently cautioned that the threat of predatory force might compel Japan to rearm sufficiently for its own defense."

Foot-Locker Fadeaway

Whitney's fadeaway is pretty dazzling too. This fadeway has nothing to do with "Old soldiers never die, they just——" but with a certain foot locker shipped off to Washington from Corregidor by submarine just before MacArthur's enforced departure in 1942. Whitney says: ". . . a historical record must hold to the truth, and accordingly I must report that the infamous foot locker contained none of the documentation it was alleged to be hiding." It held family effects, such as young Arthur MacArthur's baby shoes.

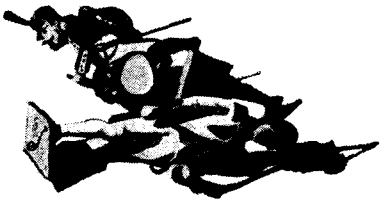
Could Whitney be trying to confuse us with this pitch? There was quite a discussion about foot lockers years later ("MacArthur's Hidden History," *The Reporter*, October 14, 1952). Thirty-two of them were finally turned over to the Army (*The Reporter's Notes*, December 9, 1952), and they contained documents previously withheld by MacArthur, not baby shoes. They had come from the Historical Section of SCAP in Tokyo, not from Corregidor, and were shipped in 1950, not 1942.

SOME of Whitney's curves are pretty good, and of course they have to be when one is pitching for a Man Who Never Made a Mistake. Take the matter of the November 24, 1950, "Win the War by Christmas" offensive toward the Yalu River in Korea, which wound up in disaster as the Chinese Communists came down from the hills and cut up our extended forces advancing through the valleys. Yes, reports Whitney, MacArthur did say, "If this operation is successful, I hope we can get the boys home by Christmas," but he didn't really mean it, as any fool could plainly see. The statement was really "his method of reassuring the Chinese Reds that we had no designs of conquest beyond the Yalu . . ."

Boomerang Ball

Once in a while, a roundhouse curve gets away from a historical pitcher like Whitney, turns boomerang, and beans the hurler in the back of the head. One of the men MacArthur most admired—along with Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek—was Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio. MacArthur wrote of their "close political relationship," and congratulated the Senator on his "dynamic leadership" of the Republican Party "during its past lean years." This, of course, is far along in Whitney's book. When one goes back to the Bataan period, one finds the author complaining, with justice, about terrible deficiencies in men and arms: ". . . Congress only listlessly considered the need for defenses in the Pacific. Congress . . . turned down an appropriation for five million dollars which would have made Guam an almost impregnable fortress. . . ."

It is a matter of record that Senator Taft, MacArthur's favorite domestic political figure, voted against Selective Service, Lend-Lease, the transfer of Axis ships to Britain, draft extension, and revision of the Neutrality Act. Obviously the "close political relationship" did not date back that far. It may even be that MacArthur, reading the New York newspapers—a rare privilege in his long overseas career—will become disillusioned with the record of his "chosen party" on defense allocations nowadays.



Book Notes

BARE FEET IN THE PALACE, by Agnes Newton Keith. Amusingly illustrated by the Author. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.*

The Palace is Malacañan, the Philippine White House; the bare feet are the poor Filipinos', who at last might enter it after the election of Ramon Magsaysay in 1953—oddly reminiscent of Andrew Jackson's in 1828. From a highly personal and feminine point of view, Mrs. Keith tells of her family's life near Manila two years ago, of the impact of her teeming neighbors, especially the boys, on their little white-people's compound, and of the great changes accomplished and greater ones projected on the Islands. There is an interesting autobiographical flashback of another white compound in North Borneo before the war and of a Japanese prison camp there in the war years. Though a western technician-instructor's wife, Mrs. Keith has no mission to uplift the little brown brother; instead she meets him halfway and learns much.

BOON ISLAND, by Kenneth Roberts. *Doubleday. $3.75.*

Tales of survival in the face of terrible conditions have a salutary appeal, reminding us how ethereal, if not less real, many of our anxieties are. In the winter of 1710, the British ship *Nottingham* struck spiny Boon Island off the coast of Maine. The crew shinnied ashore on a chopped-down mast and then kept alive for three weeks without provisions, fire, or shelter. How they managed to do this is the subject of Kenneth Roberts's latest historical novel, and from him we learn how to eat seaweed and raw human flesh, how to improvise cloth from cordage and a crude boat from driftwood. Unfortunately, the human beings who inhabit this tale have no more dimension than their names.

In the review of *Historical Inevitability* by Isaiah Berlin that appeared in our issue of December 15, 1955, it was mistakenly stated that the book was not available in this country. We are glad to say that Oxford University Press published it in New York as well as in London.

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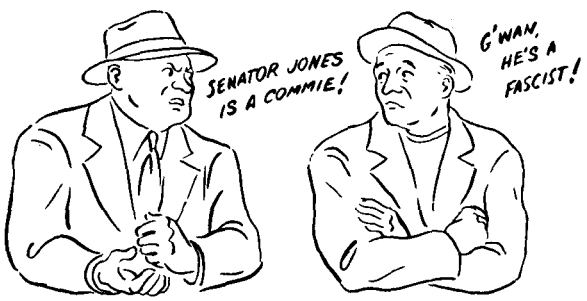

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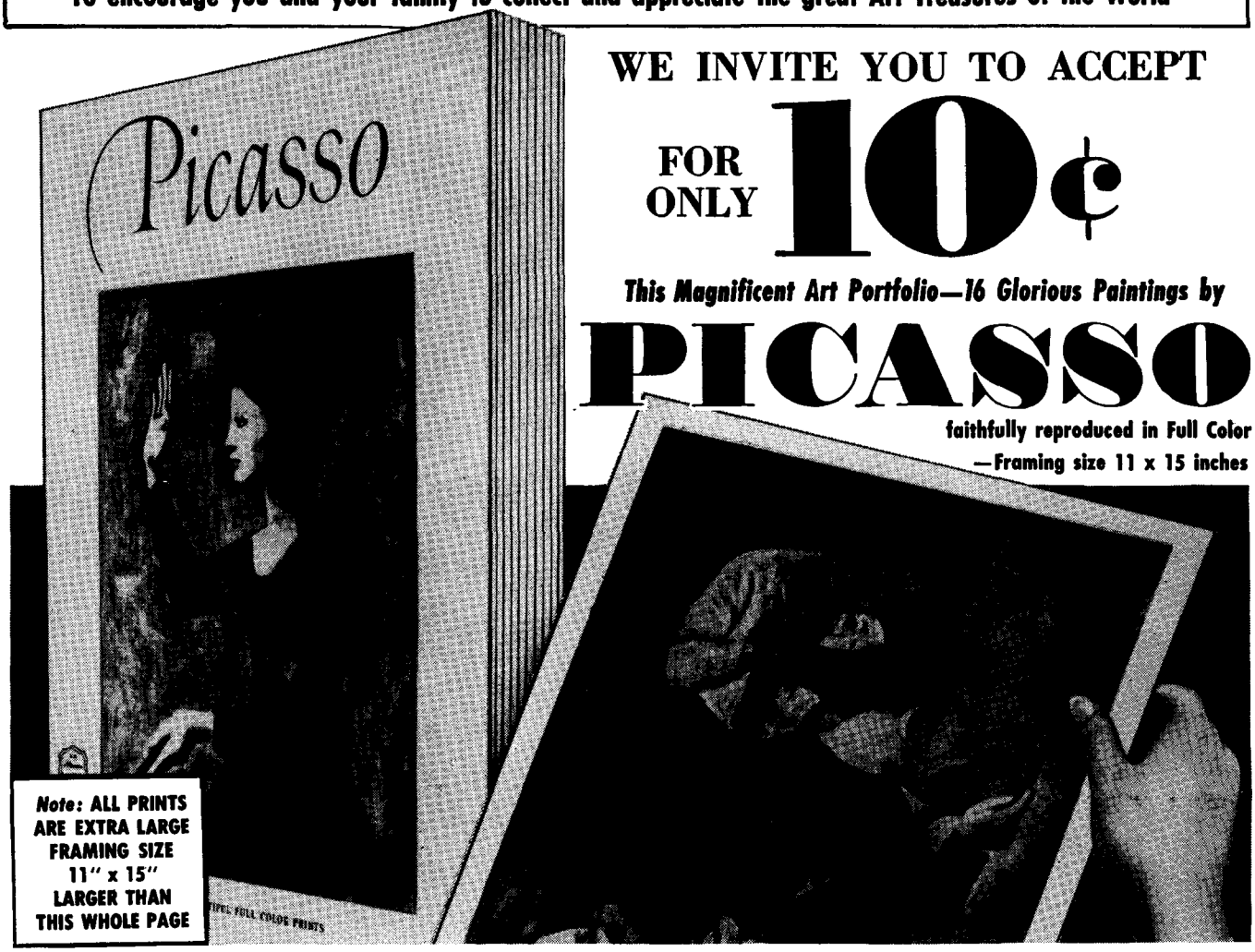

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